



*Pope Leo xiii.*

*Born March 2nd, 1810; died July 20, 1903.*

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## In Memoriam.

The great Pontiff, whose life spanned a century, like a rainbow of peace, whose cradle stood in the first decade of the 19th century, and whose tomb is now ready in the first decade of the 20th, expired peacefully in the Lord on Monday, July the 20th.

The great light in the firmament of this world, lumen in caelo, has been extinguished in order to diffuse its brilliancy in the realms of the Blessed. How nobly this lion faced the inevitable ending. All the virtues of his refined and saintly character displayed themselves in this last of all his victories, the triumph of his mind and soul over the slowly dying flesh.

"Precious in the sight of God is the death of His saints." The death of Pope Leo XIII. was precious also in the sight of an awestricken world. It is rarely given to an indifferent and scoffing world to witness such a death bed. Never before in the history of mankind have so many persons contemplated day by day the last moments of a saint. Pope Leo had gained the love and admiration of the universe by his gentle character, his heroic virtues and his superhuman wisdom. He has now given his last lesson by teaching men how to die. The spectacle of his christian death bed may, with the grace of God, do more for the conversion of men than even his holy life and his inspired encyclicals. His love for Our Lady of Mt. Carmel sweetened his last sufferings. His illness began on the opening day of the novena, and his saintly death followed within the octave of the feast. The members of the confraternity of the scapular, upon whose prayers he relied, will not forget these remarkable facts, and the Blessed

Mother, whom he especially worshipped under the invocation of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, will surely have received his pure soul into her heavenly court.

With calmness and tranquil confidence in Christ's promises, we await the action of the Holy Spirit in the selection of Leo's successor. According to the well known prophecy of Malachy, the new Pope is symbolized by "Ignis ardens," a blazing fire. Each Pope has his particular mission, besides being the head of the Church. Pius IX., as "Cruce de Cruce," suffered for the Church, and consoled the struggling soldiers of the cross. Leo XIII., "lumen in caelo," enlightened the world and "let his light shine before men," until nations, as well as individuals, glorified God, who is wonderful in His saints. Now the coming "Ignis ardens" may be destined to set this world on fire with love of God and His Christ, the only Savior of human society. Christ, in speaking of His own mission, said: "I am come to bring fire upon this earth and what do I desire, but that it be kindled."

### LEO XIII

With mind ennobled by the love of right,  
In a discordant, irreligious age,  
Amidst fierce foes aroused by impious rage,  
Serene and tranquil as the stars of night,  
Upholding peace, rebuking lawless might,  
He stood his ground; philosopher and sage,  
He flashed the torch of Truth upon life's stage,  
And palsied Error by its radiant light.  
His ardent spirit touched the topmost sky;  
High-souled, he grandly scorned the base and  
low,  
And sought the durable, the good, the pure,  
The perfect work inspired from on high.  
With Time's unceasing march his fame will grow,  
Because he nobly wrought what shall endure.

Alfred Alexis.

## The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

"My dear Judge," it ran, "I have traversed the most of the State, and learned nothing of your daughter's whereabouts or that she is living here; but this much I have learned, and I regret my painful duty of informing you. I have gone so far as to visit a cemetery here, and this is what I have found: A plain white tombstone above four graves, and the inscription is simply this,—'To the memory of George Edwin Kingsley and his three sons, George, Oswald C. Staunton and Edwin, aged twelve, ten and three years.' So that leaves me to trust your daughter is still living, a widow, somewhere. I am going on to South Virginia, and will probably be home around the eighteenth, and, I trust, with a more definite knowledge of events."

"My poor Millicent," the Judge exclaimed, placing the letter away in his desk, "deprived of husband and children, and perhaps she herself is no longer in the flesh." Then he wrote a grateful reply to the lawyer, and carried what he had just heard to his wife and daughter and his wife's companion.

Beatrice was very interested, her mother only mildly so, and Rosamond's sweet face, though she did not catch the full import of the Judge's words, showed by its sympathetic expression, that she knew he was in some trouble, and she was sorry for him.

Mrs. Staunton was just then concerned about her approaching ball, and her regrets at parting with such valued friends, in whose honor it was being given. "I am glad Cyrus is going to remain with us," she said to her daughter, while she took a sly look at her companion's face, "we will be sure of one of the family, anyhow."

"What is the matter with Cyrus, mamma; he has clearly been keeping away from us lately. Have we offended him in any way?"

The entrance of Bella Compeign, who had called to take Miss Staunton for a drive, saved Mrs. Staunton from making a reply, and saved also any further confusion for her companion.

Cyrus Dorane had, following the lady's

advice, been keeping himself well out of Miss Raymond's way for the present, and waiting with nervous fortaste of bliss the night of her coming ball, when he would be near the object of his affections, and could again approach her, as he was determined with doing, and make another offer of his love. And another thing, his enemy was not likely to be there, as his business would not probably be finished down in the South by that time. So he would not be under those cynical eyes, but he could spend a perfectly comfortable night.

Few young girls there are who do not look forward to their first ball with unmixed delight, but Rosamond Raymond dreaded her's. Had it been that one certain one was not to be included among the guests, she would have enjoyed thinking on it, but the knowledge that Cyrus Dorane was to be there spoiled it all. She was inclined to believe that it was a plot of her mistress to bring Dorane to her again. She did not say so to her mother when she told her parent of the great ball to which she was bidden, and learned some little lessons which the one-time queen of beauty, in the city's social whirl, was well qualified to give her daughter, as to how she should act and carry herself in the gay assemblage, the like of which was only to be found gathered together beneath the roof of Staunton House.

### XXVII.

The eventful night at last arrived, and such a galaxy of wealth, fashion and beauty had responded to the proud hostess' invitations that her eyes shone with delight, as carriage after carriage rolled up to her door, and each gay belle and beau stopped at their entrance to pay their respects to her, and the guests of the night. Very stately she looked in her long-trained dress of black velvet, relieved by silver spangles thrown carelessly over it, and bows of silver passementerie catching up a scarf of the same that covered her otherwise bare neck and shoulders. Her daughter, who assisted with admirable grace in receiving their guests, was attired in a decol-

lete costume of soft white silk strapped with white jewelled passementerie. In place of any jewels in her hair, she wore a spray of blush roses, that made a becoming setting to her raven locks and olive tinted complexion. And last, but not least, to the envious eyes of many of her own sex, and to the admiring ones of the opposite sex, her beautiful companion. No expensive raiment had Rosamond donned, but a simple, loosely-fitting gown of white muslin, with a generous profusion of lace at her slender throat and waist, and one single red rose that Judge Staunton had culled from a favorite branch of his in the conservatoryland which he had presented his wife's companion with in the early part of the evening, gleamed through the golden meshes of her hair. It made her every whit as pleasing a picture to the eyes as the heiress did, and as Colonel Compeigne remarked to a younger gentleman, "Miss Raymond is the most stunning sensation of the assembly, barring, of course, Miss Staunton."

Rosamond, from the time she entered the long ball room, was almost dazzled by the brilliant lights of chandeliers and numerous candles somewhat subdued by pink shades, and the magnificently gowned ladies and elegantly attired gentlemen, who never seemed to cease coming. But it was not pleasure for her, for amongst them was the man who was so repugnant to her.

With his mother and sisters, he had been with the first to arrive, and when the strains of a waltz were heard from the music room, where, amongst banks of flowers, the musicians were arranged, he came and requested the pleasure of having it with her. She knew from the glance of her mistress, to whom she had unconsciously looked to for guidance in the matter, that she must accede to Mr. Dorane's request.

She was not an accomplished waltzer, but she danced well, and even if she did not move so lightly and gracefully as some others present, what cared Cyrus Dorane, so long as he could have her so near to him. Beatrice, dancing with Jack Lorimer, saw the two and smiled, and wished she could enjoy herself as much as her mother's companion seemed to be doing. Her lover's absence, on

such a night as this was depressing to her, and, after all, did he not constitute her pleasure? It was unfortunate that he was not here now, and had she been selfish she might have had him, for one word from her and her father would not have urged him to go to the South. But she had done the noblest part, and it was really, only the question of a few days until his return, and what was this one to all of them?

"Shall we go out to the conservatory?" Mr Dorane suggested to his fair partner, when the waltz was finished; "we might find a cool spot out there, Miss Raymond."

"I am not warm, thank you, Mr. Dorane," she replied, with coldness in face and voice, "but do not allow me to deter you from going."

"I was thinking only of you," he said, and his face was near to her's, concealed as they both were from all curious eyes, behind a pair of tall palms. "At least, allow me to bring you an ice," and in a minute he was off to the refreshment room, and back with one to her, which she took, and merely tasted for politeness sake.

For the next few dances she was claimed by other partners, and at their finish she gladly made her unnoticed escape, as she thought, to a far end of the conservatory, to have a space of rest from the gaiety and heat of the ball-room.

Numbers promenaded apast her floral retreat, from which she could see them without being seen, and their light chatter had no interest or meaning for her. Cyrus Dorane's conduct annoyed her. It was as if there had never been anything of an unusual nature between them, and everywhere, or in whatever dance she moved, his small glittering eyes were fixed on her with an expression in them that she failed to make out. And just now she caught them as their owner came around by one of the pillars, and she knew he was searching her. Quick as a flash, when he approached her hiding place, she retreated still further back, and when he stopped before it, she came out by the other end and fled back into the dance hall. But at the supper hour, fortune, who smiled on Mr. Dorane at times, deputed him to be her escort into the broad hall, where a delightful feast

was spread. Mrs. Staunton was highly pleased to see her plot working so smoothly, and she was firmly convinced that before much more of the evening was spent, there would be a true understanding between the two young people. Alas! for her castles in the air.

When the supper was ended, and couple following couple were returning to the dance hall, Mr. Dorane by sheer force, caught Rosamond's hands and drew her off into the corridor that led into the former place.

"Since you will not, of yourself, give me a chance to say to you again, what is uppermost, and has been in my mind, since you dismissed me weeks ago," he said, almost fiercely, "and which has principally brought me here to-night, I shall take it myself. Rosamond, I say to you again, I love you. I cannot live without you, and I want to hear from those sweet lips that my love is reciprocated."

She turned pale, and her limbs beneath her trembled, but she was firm, as she cried hotly:

"After what I have said to you, Mr.

Dorane, by what right have you dared to draw me here,—perhaps to cause me to lose my good name? Open the door, and allow me to go where I should be."

"No one knows we are here and you need not be afraid of being censured. I am waiting for your answer, Rosamond. Give me the word I am demanding of you."

"Never," she cried. "I do not love you. Let me pass or I shall call for help."

He adopted a new turn of tactics, for Mr. Dorane was a coward, and he was afraid, especially of a woman's tears, so he loosened his hold of the door knob, and began to plead with her.

"Forgive me for being so harsh with you, but you are driving me to it by your indifference. Give me a word of hope, or you will send me to the depths of despair."

"I am sorry if it must be that then, Mr. Dorane, but you have had my answer long ago, and this is my final: It is impossible for me ever to be your wife. It is an honor I must decline."

A fierce light gleamed in his eyes, and abruptly he turned from her.

"Very well, Rosamond Raymond, I am going to Satan, (he was there already, as Bruce Everett would have said) "and it is through your fault. My life is ruined through you, but the one who has poisoned your mind against me," he was thinking of the incident of the beads and that when Bruce Everett had carried them to her, he had opened up on him and spoiled his second chance of hoping to win the fair girl, "is going to suffer, both for this and other offences to Cyrus Dorane. I'll go now, and except my love overcomes me again, I will not trouble you. Good bye," and opening the door he walked away. Soon after he got into his carriage, leaving word to his mother and sisters that he had been seized with indisposition, and was compelled to go home.

Rosamond calmly went out by another door, though with much inward agitation—and who would have not been upset by what she had just gone through. It was no wonder the gentle girl wished she was home in the gentle attic with her mother to-night, instead of in Staunton House.

She would have liked to have gone up to her own room now, but she feared her mistress might be angry at such turn, so she went back into the ball-room, making brave efforts to seem as bright as before. And she did enjoy a mazurka with Jack Lorimer, while her mistress looked on elated with her pretty companion's success, and with a most burning desire to know if Cyrus Dorane had yet learned his fate.

Great was her astonishment to find that her young friend had gone home, and her indignation, too, for she knew what the sudden indisposition had been. Her companion had refused him again! His mother and sisters were at a loss to know what could have made him ill, but good breeding prevented any excitement on their parts, and they remained until nearly the end, when, with the Compeignes, they, too, took their leave. When the last carriage had driven home and quiet was restored in the stately mansion, its mistress retired, but not to sleep, like her daughter and companion did, but to think of Cyrus Dorane, and Rosamond's perfidious conduct to him. To no small degree she was angry with

the former, that he had asked her advice at all, and then gained nothing by it, and still more so with the latter, that she should be working so against her but the end of it the clever lady did not foresee.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Two weeks had passed after Mrs. Staunton's ball, and the Doranes, excepting Mr. Cyrus, and Colonel Compeigne and his daughters had taken their departure to Italy, when Bruce Everett returned from the South. But his mission had been unsuccessful, save the clue he had found in the cemetery, and of which he had written to the Judge. Judge Staunton was disappointed, but he yet had hopes, because he knew Everett would still, when his time permitted carry on the search, and must in the end succeed, as he always did, once his brilliant mind and energy were given to a project. His Millicent would be restored to him, and her lost inheritance.

Beatrice was rejoiced to have her lover back, and as she walked with him now in amongst the flowers of the conservatory, she said —

"Bruce, time dragged miserably for me while you were away, and if I had not been receiving your letters I do not know what I should have done."

"And I might say the same," he replied, stooping and touching her hands lightly with his lips, but she fancied his action was forced. "It was joy to me when the train steamed into our own home station last night," and—

He stopped, because a slender dark robed figure, just then crept noiselessly apast the open door, but not until Beatrice Staunton had seen her lover's eyes follow it and rest on the golden head of her mother's companion with a strange light in them, that made the heiress sick at heart. But she said nothing, neither did he, but continued the sentence he had broken off on.

Rosamond was hastening to obey a sudden summons she had gotten in the library, where she had been reading, to go to her mistress' boudoir, and when she entered the apartment, the lady bade her close the door tightly.

"I am going to speak plainly to you, Miss Raymond," she said, when the

young girl was seated, "and you must not be offended, but I think you have done a most foolish thing in refusing to be Cyrus Dorane's wife. I see by your face that you are surprised that I know he has asked you, but a little bird has whispered it all to me, and I regret your want of wisdom in refusing such an offer, that many young ladies, I know, would jump at."

The fair face flushed, and the small mouth grew hard.

"Mr. Dorane will never be but a stranger to me, Mrs. Staunton, and I have been advised how to act with him."

"By Mr. Madden, the priest, I suppose," and there was a slight sneer in her musical voice.

"Father Madden knows nothing about it, Mrs. Staunton. It is mother, in whom I confide everything, and she has told me what to do."

"Why do you object to Mr. Dorane? Have you ever heard aught against his character?"

"No, but I do not like him, and besides his life and mine are run on two opposite plans. He should win his wife from the ranks equal to his own."

"You speak very sensibly and gravely for a girl your age, but that is nonsense. You have beauty and accomplishments, and that is all a man wants in a wife nowadays."

But Rosamond shook her head. She could not be influenced, and her mistress was angry, though she feigned not to be and bade the young girl bring a book, and read to her. So Rosamond lost more favor with her mistress.

Cyrus Dorane was playing a great role by plunging into all manner of wild excesses since his family's leaving the city, and his intimates began to wonder where it was to end. His had never been a worthily spent life, but since the finale with Rosamond Raymond, it was doubly worse, and he was as surely going to destruction, as Bruce Everett had long ago predicted he would.

"Miss Raymond must have settled Dorane finely," the lawyer's young partner remarked to him one day, some few weeks after Everett's arrival home from Virginia, "or, is it the old folks going away that has upset him and is causing him to make such a fool of himself?"

"Dorane has not that much sentiment in him, Heathcote," was the dry response, "as to mind his family's leaving him, except, perhaps he is missing the money his governor used to allow him. Certainly his bank business will not yield enough to cater to his gambling and spendthrift proclivities. But probably, as you say, Miss Raymond's coldness is affecting him."

"Has Dorane proposed to Mrs. Staunton's companion, and been spurned by her?"

The lawyer's brow flashed at the thought but merely shrugging his shoulder, he made no reply to the young man, but went into the inner office. It was then, only then, that he knew in what regard he was holding this fair girl, for whom his old enemy was a rival, as it were.

He loved her! He had loved her the day they had first met on crowded Broadway. He had loved her, when a second time, he was at the mercy of his runaway steed, he had seen the lovely eyes fill with sympathy for him, and he had loved her when he first saw her in Staunton House, and he had not known it until now. Then, as if in painful protestation there arose before him the beautiful glowing face of the woman to whom his love was pledged, and whom in a few short months he was to call by the sacred name of wife. His hands knotted, and he cursed his own violation of the noble trust he held.

"You are a wretch, Bruce Everett," he muttered, "worse, ten times worse, than Cyrus Dorane. Are you such an ingrate as to fling aside the love of the noblest woman that has ever been your lot to know, and to think for even one minute of any other?"

Death itself would be preferable, and he must fight against this temptation. Now was the time to begin to nip future entanglement in the bud. But, ah! Would he be capable of it?

To-night he was to go to Staunton House for dinner, so sending to a fashionable nursery, he ordered a bouquet of jasmine and immortelles, and they preceded him to Staunton House as a valentine to her, who wore his ring.

In due time he arrived out himself, and all smiling, she met him at the

drawing room entrance, the flowers in her hands.

"St. Valentine was forgotten by me, until his present came to remind me that this was his day. You see they look so nice that I dislike to set them away, but I shall put them where they will be sure to coax the admiration they merit," and stepping lightly to the centre table of inlaid cedar wood, she placed them in a slender onyx vase.

Her voice and manner were warm enough, but the words smote her lover's ears, as being distantly cold and not uttered with the same enthusiasm that one time marked a reception of any gift, especially flowers, from him. The valley was widened between them, and neither could exactly account for it. It had been growing so for the last four or five months.

"Next year I am to have my valentine," he said, as she returned to his side, "and that will be you, my own. I am to claim you in June, and I have a ravishing programme drawn up. First the Rivera and Paris with all its passing delights, then Rome. Oh, yes! We will tour the world, as never a wedded two yet have," but even as he spoke a slight shadow fell athwart the window pane, and the figure of her, who was alluring him from his allegiance to the enchantress at his side, entered the hall and passed up the broad stairs.

"Miss Raymond has been for a walk," Beatrice said softly, "and she and mama are going out now and dine with Hilton Carton's mother. So Bruce, as we have no other guests coming, you and I and papa will entertain each other."

"You have not said what you think of our going to the Rivera and Paris," he remarked, trying to show her that it was in her he was only interested, and not in that other.

"It will be delightful, Bruce."

"And you will like to visit Rome too, heart's dearest?"

"Yes, Bruce, and anywhere else you wish to go."

When dinner was over Beatrice left her father and lover to their wine and cigars.

"Where do you intend that your honeymoon is to be spent, Bruce?" the judge asked.

"Well, I thought of the Rivera, Paris and Rome, and Beatrice seems to consider these places agreeable, judge."

"Fine! I took my honeymoon at the Rivera when I married Beatrice's mother. For how long is yours to extend?"

"Probably six months, or even longer, as we do not wish to hurry in any one place. But remember, judge, in making those plans, I am not forgetting you, and the trust you have imposed on me, to find your daughter Millicent."

"I am not exorbitant, Bruce, and during these next months of preparation for your marriage to my beautiful Beatrice, let nothing, not even this, as dear as it is to me, interfere with them. If Millicent is to be found, she will be found, and you can begin again the search after you have been fairly launched on one of the most beautiful periods of a man's life. His union with a noble and good woman, and that is what I hope my daughter Beatrice is."

"Her equal is not to be known anywhere, judge," he said warmly enough, but the old gentleman imagined it was wanting in enthusiasm. When later on in the evening, his wife and her companion came in, and he saw, what he construed into a look of pleasure, light up the handsome face of the man who was so soon to be his daughter's husband, he had many a fear and doubt.

Beatrice insisted that Miss Raymond should play for them, and the young girl began, "Cleansing Fires," and at the words, "And the gold shall return more precious from every spot and stain, for gold must be tried by fire as a heart must be tried by pain." A momentary paleness flickered across the heiress' face, which was noticed only by her father.

Was her heart not being tried by pain, and instead of requited love, was she not receiving unrequited love from the one in whom her whole soul was centered? Or, was it only to be for a little time, and then the cleansing fires of her own unswerving affection would win back her erring knight errant. The white finger of hope pointed that way, and until the song was ended, she was able to listen with a more peaceful mind than her lover opposite her.

Not once, since Rosamond had seated herself at the piano, and her sweet voice raised in song, did Bruce Everett trust himself to look towards her. He felt it would have been fatal to himself, because that look would have told to those who sat with him of the guilty and hopeless love that was enkindled in his heart for this young stranger, the paid companion of his promised wife's mother. Instead, he glanced a couple of times towards his betrothed, but she did not seem to see him, she was listening intently to the song, and when he went home again he condemned, in the bitterest tones, his wretched perfidy.

A speedy marriage seemed his only alternative and safe-guard for the happiness of the woman he had won, but that could scarcely be arranged now since the month and plans had been already set upon.

It was not his fault that this had come to him. He had fought against the fateful fascination, he was still fighting it, and he had wished that for Beatrice Staunton's sake, he had never met Rosamond Raymond.

Then as he remembered Cyrus Dorane's aspirations in this last direction, he set his teeth hard, and his stern face grew sterner.

He would see her die first, or rather that she would fly the country than to give her pure love to this profligate, but something told him that on that score he could rest easy, for it had long been known in club room and parlor that Mrs. Staunton's companion gave, and was not giving the least encouragement to his enemy.

But what satisfaction that was to him, he hardly knew, except that the treasure fate denied him the other would not get, and that was gratifying.

He could not sit down, but humming over the words of the song that he had heard that evening, with the face of the singer haunting him, he walked several times the length of his elegant apartments in the Waldorf, where since his family's departure to Italy, Mr. Dorane was also residing. Then he went down to the reading room, to gain which, he was obliged to pass the billiard and card parlor, where many a fortune was lost and won.



The first person his eyes fell on was Cyrus Dorane, the centre of a group of players.

The man's face struck Everett, by the new expression the lawyer had noticed for the first time as being in it. It was thinner, older, and the mouth that had once been weak and yielding seemed to have grown firm and hard, but over it all, were the signs of an ever increasing dissipation, and desperation as if he had been the victim of some great disappointment, which was driving him quickly to ruin.

When he caught sight of Everett his eyes were sullen, and dogged, but he laughed uproariously, as he won a stake and drew forth a roll of money and placed it on the table. The money attracted Everett's attention, as crossing the polished floor, he appeared to be carelessly watching the game.

No one asked him to join, because they knew gambling was entirely against his principles, and, in which, if it were to gain a kingdom, he would never indulge. Dorane scorned to notice him at all, and when he found the keen roving eyes fixed on the notes, he covered them with his handkerchief. Everett went off, but not until he had satisfied himself that the new wager were notes of the National bank, to which Dorane had no right. This was the life the young banker spent now. No longer did he visit Staunton House, our readers understand why, of course. No longer did he trouble sociality, and where, before his disappointed hopes in winning Rosamond Raymond, he gambled only at nights, now he did the best part of the day too; and with a revenge in reserve for Bruce Everett, that was worthy indeed of Cyrus Dorane's black heart, though it was to cause an innocent one, against whom he had no spite, to suffer as well.

### XXIX.

"Madeline, I do not know why it should be, but I have an apprehension, that a coldness has sprung up between Beatrice and Bruce," said Judge Staunton to his wife one cold day in March, as they sat together in the library.

"What makes you think that, Oswald," she asked, ceasing her work on

her embroidery, and the color flickered in her fine face.

"Well, our Beatrice does not seem to anticipate his visits as she formerly did, and to me, Bruce is more attentive to her than ever, but he is more reserved, more distant. Do you think your companion has anything to do with the change in him?"

"My companion, Oswald! Why, Bruce and Beatrice are to be married in three months. You know very well that we are preparing already for it, and that our daughter's trousseau has been ordered from Paris. What has ever put this into your head that Rosamond Raymond is coming between Bruce and and Beatrice—the idea is preposterous."

"Well, it seems to me that Bruce is finding a charm in your pretty companion, and I recall the last time she played for us that "Cleansing Fires," of seeing the most peculiar expression on our Beatrice's face. She must have felt something in that song, and it was pain, I know. Can it be, that almost on the eve of her wedding she is having her hopes dashed to the ground."

"Not at all, Oswald," she replied with grave haughtiness. "I find no difference in the attitude towards each other of Bruce or Beatrice. Bruce was always dignified even in his courtship, and it is very proper that before her marriage, Beatrice should exhibit more maidenly reserve. My companion would not be guilty of thinking of, or trying to draw in her beautiful toils, a man already engaged, and I do not deem that Miss Raymond will ever marry, when she would refuse a husband like Cyrus Dorane.

"Indeed! Has Cyrus been smitten?"

"Yes, poor boy, he wanted my companion to marry him, and I tried my best to arrange the match, because I knew it would be good for both, but Miss Raymond is too ungrateful and prejudiced. That is why I do not care for her as much as I did at first, and there is Cyrus literally going to the bad because of this foolish girl."

"My Madeline is kind to everyone," he said caressingly, "and tries to do good for everyone, but she is forgetting that love must be congenial. Your companion, if she cannot find what she desires in our young friend, there is no

blame to her for having refused his devotion. But to return to our daughter. Are you sure that all is running serenely with her. Do you know what she asked me last night when she came to bid me pleasant dreams just like Millicent used to do. She wanted to know if I would mind her ever turning Catholic?"

His wife held up her hands. Clearly, she saw now that her husband's surmises were not all wrong; there was something the matter.

"Another Papist in the family! Surely your first unfilial child was enough. Though I am liberal, I should not wish my child to follow in her footsteps. What did you say to her?"

"Oh, I laughed, and asked her if she contemplated making a change now. But she said, not now, and perhaps never. She was just finding out in case she did. It appears she has been questioning your companion on religious matters, and they have sent her searching."

That evening the lady went into her daughter's boudoir, where the heiress was attiring herself, and Susetta helping her, in a cardinal dress of cashmere, for her lover's visit.

"I thought you were going out, mamma?" she said, dismissing her maid. "Bruce has not come, but it is early, yet."

"I have not asked my companion yet, ma cheri. But I have come to learn if it is true that you are going to turn Catholic?"

"You are premature, mamma. I have not said I am. I just asked papa last night would he mind did I do so. But it was only a question."

"I hope it is, for though I should not prevent you from making a change in your creed, because I love you too much to oppose you in anything, I had rather not you would desert St. Andrew's church, and your lover might object."

The heiress' eyes flashed, and to her mother's astonishment, the beautiful red lips curled slightly.

"My lover I agree with in all things, mamma, but I manage my private affairs independent of him."

She sat beside her and covered the white hand with her own.

"Come, come, Beatrice! Your voice has grown harsh. Beware, and take care

do not grow indifferent to your lover, so soon to be your husband. What has changed you? Has there been a quarrel?"

She averted her face that her mother might not see its pallor, then pride came to her rescue, and turning around again she was smiling.

"No, mamma, last night's theatre party had an ill-effect on me. I am afraid, and I am 'craquet' as Susetta terms Sampson."

Her mother smiled and left her, but with the same misgiving that was weighing on her husband, and the lady's mind was made up.

She would remove the cause that might possibly affect her child's happiness. When it was removed, if for a while the heart of the man who held her daughter's had broken from its allegiance, it would return. Besides, the thought of the disowned Millicent's child daring to usurp in this way, galled her more than if her husband had found her relationship to him, and installed her and her mother in Staunton House."

Rosamond, all unsuspecting of the darkness that was so near at hand for her, was happily engaged, petting and talking, in her bird-like voice, to Neptune her mistress' own spaniel, that nightly made a habit of coming into the young girl's room, sure always of fondling and sweetmeats.

When she was summoned to Mrs. Staunton's boudoir, Neptune followed her, but that being a forbidden place for a canine, as well taught even as Neptune was, Rosamond called for Sampson to lead him away, and the dog went unwillingly.

Mrs. Staunton had thrown off her dinner dress for a dressing gown of pale blue, and she was tapping the floor with her white slippers foot, when her companion appeared.

"Sit down, Miss Raymond," she said in the cold voice that Rosamond had grown accustomed to hearing now, "I have something to say to you."

Rosamond thought it was to be about Cyrus Dorane, of whom she had heard or seen nothing since the night of her mistress' ball, and she sighed as if in weariness of the tiresome subject. For once she was wrong. "I have decided,"

the lady continued in a measured voice, "to dispense with your services. This means that you must seek another situation, and be prepared to leave Staunton House in a month's time."

Poor Rosamond! Every vestige of color fled from the fair, delicate face, and the lady could see the lips tremble, but she was prepared for such, and she showed no surprise.

"What — what— have I done," she stammered, "Mrs. Staunton, that you are giving me a dismissal?"

"Nothing, I assure you, Miss Raymond. You have been unimpeachable in carriage and conduct ever since your coming to Staunton House, and I can give you only the best of names and references, when you leave me. But there are reasons for my taking this step. Reasons that I cannot explain to you."

"And which would explain your late coldness to me, too," her companion thought. But without making any verbal reply, she bowed respectfully to her mistress and went back to her own beautiful room, where, laying her golden head on the white pillow of her bed, she shed bitter tears.

Next afternoon she went home early, and well we can picture her mother's open surprise and sorrow, when, with softly falling tears, Rosamond told her of Mrs. Staunton's decision.

"She spoke nicely to me, mother," she said after a pause, "though coldly. But I could see in her manner that she has something against me, and she won't even tell me why I must go."

Mrs. Raymond drew the slight form and held it close. "My sweet Rosamond, your trial is a heavy one, but you must bear it. Thus it is in this world,—the rich trampling on the poor—but some day all things will be righted, and then each of us will receive our own. How long before you are to leave Staunton House?"

"Mrs. Staunton has given me a month, mother."

A faint tinge of color stole into the mother's pale worn cheek, and the pride of her race asserted itself in the cold, sweet voice with which she said:

"And that month you will not take, Rosamond. You will go back and tell your proud mistress that you can serve

her no longer than to-morrow. If she has reasons for withholding from you why she is dismissing you, I have reasons for objecting to your being dependent on her any longer than is possible. It is not to make resentment in you, oh, no, a—S—," she stopped herself on the name. "I mean a woman like myself, professing to be a Catholic, could not teach her daughter that."

"But, mother, it is a month's support gone. What would we do if I did not get' another situation right away, and there is your rheumatism all come back to you?"

"We can look up Mr. Holland again," Rosamond. He will be willing and pleased to have my work again, and you will have to go back to your music for the present, and as I have said more than once to you, God is good, and will not let us starve. Wait until it is dark, and I will walk out with you."

"You walk to Granton road, mother, and you are hardly able to stir your foot!"

"The rheumatism! I had forgotten it child. Well, I cannot go with you. I will only have to stay at home, and pray for you."

It was just growing dusky, when Rosamond, pale and fatigued, passed St. Mary's Church, en route to the home that was to be hers no longer. She thought on this sudden termination to her happiness, and sighed wearily. A horseman rode by, and as he doffed his hat to her, she saw him to be Bruce Everett.

He turned back to look after the slender form and his eyes glittered, but he crushed back the feeling that gave vent to the words: "The bonds of one are sweeter, but is it that yours are sweeter, Rosamond Raymond." Then the reproachful face of the woman who wore his ring rose up before him, and in anger at his own weakness, he spurred his horse on quicker to the place whither he was hastening. Rosamond reached Staunton House and her own room, still pale and fatigued, and was immediately called down into her mistress' Japanese Square. Mrs. Staunton was alone, but from the drawing room there came a sound of gay laughter, and the girl knew that a goodly number of young friends

of Miss Staunton were to be guests at dinner. "I am pleased that you have returned early," her mistress said, "as to-morrow I intend that we shall accept an invitation from Mrs. Aiden to spend a few days with her in C——."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Staunton, but after to-morrow I will not be at Staunton House. My mother thinks it as well for me to go now, as in a month's time."

In her own mind the lady was glad, but it was necessary, she thought, to show some remonstrance at this turn.

"That is hardly agreeable to me. I gave you a month before going. However, if your mother chooses to interfere, and take you before then, she is free to do so. You will want to go upstairs after dinner, and make some preparations for to-morrow. Barret will help you to gather your trunk, if you so will."

Rosamond thanked her, but declined her offer of the housekeeper's services, and dinner over, saw the young girl hastily collecting what was her own.

Before the hour of retiring for the night, Mrs. Staunton summoned her daughter to her boudoir.

"Bruce did not come this evening, Beatrice?"

"No, mamma," and the beautiful mouth curled, as of late, it had been doing; "he sent me word this afternoon when he received my invitation, that he did not think he could come, as he was coming out here at the hour, on business he had with Mr. Lorimer."

"Beatrice," she said abruptly, "my companion is leaving to-morrow."

"Miss Raymond going, mamma?" and whether there was surprise or relief in her voice her mother never knew. "For what?"

"I have decided to do without a companion for the present, but I gave Miss Raymond a month to still remain here; but she thinks she will not. So she is going to-morrow."

When to-morrow came, the gentle companion, to the regret of all, even the humblest servant in the house, had gone. But not to the regret of her former mistress.

Bruce Everett, coming out to see his betrothed that afternoon, was told by the heiress, while she watched his face

closely, that her mother's companion had gone.

"Gone," he echoed, but with no acknowledgement in the resonant voice that he regretted her absence, while he searched the dark eyes looking so steadily up into his.

"Are you sorry? You did not come last night, Bruce? and we missed you so!"

"Had I been able, no powers on earth would have kept me, heart's dearest. But business of much moment denied me the pleasure it always is to accede to any request of your's. There's a tremendous shortage in the funds of the National, which has been noticed by the board of directors as having increased since the New Year. Mr. Lorimer, the president, has put it in my hands to find the delinquent, and it was out to Lorimer's I came last night."

"Do you know who the delinquent is, Bruce?"

"I have a suspicion my own, but as yet I must not frame it in words. To tell you who it is would be to give you too great a shock. Ah, how slowly the time passes. Were it in my power to change the Kalends, I should place June next to March, that I might claim my own. It seems so long to wait, as it is," and with a passion she had never before seen in the dark face, he drew her close to him, as if he feared that some fatal hand was coming to separate them. And Beatrice, for a minute thinking that since Rosamond Raymond's bewitching spells could no longer set themselves before him, the old love had returned. She trembled with a new joy. Unhappy Beatrice!

To be continued.

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The sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays. So the home life must be constituted of little tenderness, kind looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; and soon it will be found that kindness will spring up on every side, displacing incompatibility of temper and spirit, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea rocks.

## Blessed Be God.

"May the Holy Name of God be Blessed for ever."—Ps. LXXI.

Translated from the French.

God has created all things for His glory. Infinitely perfect, He owes it to Himself to act as Himself, and to draw all things to Himself. What would be egotism in the creature is sanctity in God, for sanctity is no other thing than the infinite love of God, and if God could for a single instant cease to love Himself above all, to prefer Himself before all; to take Himself for the sovereign object of his affections and of His acts, He could cease to be holy and consequently to be God.

Then all creatures are made to glorify God.

Some creatures are deprived of intelligence and of liberty, they give Him glory by manifesting in some manner, His wisdom, His goodness, His power, His sweetness, His generosity. They are a language—each one says a word which causes Him of whom they speak to be known. They reveal Him to creatures of a superior order, who are capable of knowing, of loving, of serving their Creator freely. The human soul is one of those living lyres, which perceives each fragment of the creation, whether a flower of the valley, or a star that shines in the heavens, touches that lyre and gives it a vibration, which brings it nearer to God. Then awakened by those exterior things, called at the same time by God Himself, who invites the soul to seek and to love Him, that soul also has a mission to glorify Him who has made it, no more in a blind and thoughtless manner, but in the manner of a free and intelligent spirit. In heaven also there are spiritual and living lyres; there are innumerable legions of angels who sing their eternal sanctus. All is in harmony, all is joy and peace; it is the world of peace wonderfully sweet; it is the never ending song of which nothing can trouble the accents of love.

Another world exists—it is not earth, it is not heaven. There they sing, they love, they bless; but it is a song mingled with tears, it is a plaintive and sorrowful love, there are benedictions mingled

with sighs. The praise is more touching because it is more sorrowful; the living lyre gives out muffled sounds which render its chords more penetrating, and its melody more mournful. At the entrance of this world are written two words—"Hope and Resignation." There they suffer but they are purified in suffering; there they wait, but they see heaven opened above their languishing eyes, which shall soon be radiant. There they weep, but already they feel the hand of God pass over their tearful eyes to dry them tenderly; like Heaven, it is the world of charity, but a sorrowful charity which exhales in a tearful song. In the Creation all is then harmony? All is praise and benediction? No! there is a dark world where God is cursed! His Name—name of sweetness, of light and of love; His Name, which is that of boundless goodness, of perfect beauty, of purity without a shadow; His blessed name is blasphemed. No more praise there, no more songs, either joyous or mingled with tears; there, sufferings, despairing cries, but nothing which resembles resignation, of the love which hopes or the joy of love. Broken and discordant lyres which give forth dreadful sounds from the spirits chained forever in woe, there are heard only the cries of eternal hatred and powerless rage; they blaspheme the truth which has judged and condemned them; they blaspheme the beauty whose radiant shining has darkened their eyes; they blaspheme the purity from the white light of which they fly; they blaspheme the justice whose hand lies heavy on them; they blaspheme the clemency of God; they blaspheme the goodness from which they have voluntarily turned away; finally, they blaspheme God, who makes them enter into the universal harmony by the chastisements to which they are constrained to submit, and Who makes even their blasphemies serve in the eternal concert of created things.

The great question for the soul which combats on this earth is this: Shall I

be one of those who sing, or of those who blaspheme?

This question every soul is free to answer in the sense of its eternal happiness or eternal woe; in this world there are those who bless, and those who blaspheme; they can take place in the world of harmony or in that of revolt. Here below there are the germs of all; there is a Heaven commenced, or a Hell commenced. Alas! and do not we see, in fact, thousands of souls commence their Hell here below, entering voluntarily into the society of evil spirits and insulting the Divine Majesty?

It is above all in His most touching manifestation that they outrage that most sweet majesty; it is towards the cross that they send forth their blasphemies; it is towards the face of the Redeemer turned towards them that they send forth their vain clamours; it is His love that they insult, and His tenderness that they turn away from. The name of His Majesty, which is also the name of His Divine goodness, the name of Jesus, name of Saviour, of friend, of brother; this name provokes their fury as formerly that of the Jews, and the more they hear it pronounced with love by others, the more they pronounce it with hatred.

Let us be of those who sing and those who bless!

Let us learn how to say as they say in Heaven: Blessed be God, blessed be His holy name!

Let us say it when we contemplate the works of God in all this admirable world which surrounds us. Let each creature make us bless the Holy Name shadows which give us their freshness, flowers which give us your perfumes, fruits which give us your sweetness, sun which gives us your rays, stars which illuminate our nights, air which we breathe, clear waters which quench our thirst, singings birds, multitudes of creatures that God does not forget, faithful animals that serve man; may all that surrounds us make us, with a tender violence, say: "May the Holy Name of God be forever blessed." Let us say it on seeing those noble and pure creatures that God has gifted with intelligence, with love, and with liberty: How

beautiful when they turn towards Him who made them! How generous they are when the sacred spark hidden in their heart springs up and enkindles in them a celestial fire! Let us go to souls that love, to souls that live the true life, and learn from them to know our Father in Heaven better, and to love him more, to serve Him more faithfully. If the sight of the clear blue sky carries our thoughts naturally towards God, how much more a beautiful soul, purer and more beautiful than the blue sky, living sky where God Himself resides; it draws another soul towards Him Who has created both. "Blessed be God. Blessed be His Holy Name!" Let us say it in our joys as the blessed say it in their ecstasies. There are for all, days of happiness and peace upon earth, where we drink a mingled chalice. There are bright days for us. Springs and shadows in our deserts. Our joys are short,—but we have our joys. Let us say in our joys: "Blessed be God. Blessed be His Holy Name." But let us say it above all in our hours of darkness, in our days of sorrow. Never is that melody sweeter, than when it comes from a heart touched by the hand of suffering, and which is softened by the tears in which it is bathed. It is the divine song of the human lyre. It has hidden chords, which are made to give here below purer sounds, chords from beyond the tomb; but they are not sung except by a soul broken by sorrow: "Blessed be God. Blessed be His Holy Name." It is easy to say them when all smiles; how much more touching and more generous to say them still when the smile is gone from the lips, when the crown has fallen from the forehead, when the perfumes are fled!

We shall say it then always; joyous as they say it in Heaven; sorrowful as they say it in an afflicted world. All things shall excite us to say it. Blasphemy shall put on our lips more loving accents; we shall embrace the cross more closely on the days when it is more outraged; and the more we hear the echo of the hatred and rage of Hell, the more faithfully we shall send towards Heaven the cry of our faith and of our love: "May the name of the Lord be blessed forever."

# Saint Albert of Messina.

## Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY

Translated from the French by MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

St. Albert Preserves the Life of a Man who was Hanged—He Saves from Despair a Poor Sailor—He cures a Paralytic, and Restores Health to a Suffering Priest.

The preceding facts have, as has been said, gathered from the anonymous author annotated by Vincent Barbe, noted in Theodoric of Aix, in Poluce, and in part, in the manuscript of the Vatican.

The following is related by Theodoric of Aix only. Touching upon the preceding recital, the author clearly indicates that the wonderful event took place towards the end of the year 1385.

However, he narrates it without affixing any date. A noble man of Trapani had been guilty of crimes so heinous that he was adjudged unworthy to die by the sword, but had been condemned to die the death of a common criminal.

He had been hanged in the forests adjacent to the grounds of the Carmelite Monastery where St. Albert had made his profession.

His brother, who lived in another part of the province did not know of the stigma affixed upon the family honor until after the execution of the criminal. He refused to believe that his own brother could be guilty of actions so vile and base. He persuaded himself that the magistrates were deceived and that their verdict had gone very wide of the mark.

In the frenzy of his sorrow he implored heaven to send a miraculous sign from above that his brother might be freed from suspicion and be able to prove his innocence of the crime for which he had suffered. He came, in the silence of the night, to take a last look upon the brother he had loved. He drew near the gibbet, and deeply grieved, he still could not persuade himself

that it was a lifeless form hanging before him. "My beloved brother," he entreated, "In truth and reality have you ceased to live? Answer me, I pray you!" And from the gibbet a voice replied, "I am alive." On hearing these words the brother trembled with joy.

"But," said he, "by what miracle have you been kept alive when it is so long since you have hung thus in space?" The criminal replied: "Before I was led to my punishment I promised the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the Blessed Albert that if they would save me from death I would enter the Carmelite Monastery as a lay brother, and that I would serve them faithfully for the rest of my existence. The Blessed Virgin and the saint sustained my feet and thus preserved me from death." The brother of the condemned man could not sufficiently admire the magnificence of the mercy of God. He went with all speed to the monastery. He narrated what had happened to the prior, then the prior, with all the brethren, went to the gibbet and verified the fact that the criminal was still alive.

Without losing an instant, they informed the judges of the marvelous event. The latter dared not oppose so evident a manifestation of the divine will. The criminal was cut down in the presence of an immense multitude, whom the news of the miracle had attracted thither, then he was handed over to the Carmelites, who conducted him to their monastery.

Shortly afterwards they invested him with the holy habit of their Order.

And yet this man dared to trample under foot the goodness of God, who in preserving his life, had also given him time to repent, and ample opportunity to atone for his sins.

Far from repenting, far from showing gratitude to God for so signal a favor this hardened sinner proved himself to

be utterly thankless. A year and a half passed for him in the monastery, and then the devil began to inspire him with very dangerous thoughts.

Remembering the noble race from which he had sprung, which he should have considered before he became a criminal, he thought he was entitled to certain privileges. He invited some of his former friends to visit him, received them every day, and conversed with them on worldly subjects, and for hours at a time. These personages were, in name, noble, but in heart corrupt and vile.

In their society the unfortunate monk became completely depraved.

Yielding to the instigations of satan, one day he laid aside the habit and resumed his secular garb. Then he talked with his friends, and with them mocked at and ridiculed the monastic life and its holy practices.

Then he took the road which led to his old home. He had just crossed the threshold of the monastery which had sheltered him so hospitably, when a vivid flame was seen coming from heaven.

This flame stopped when it reached him, and entirely consumed him. He was reduced to ashes. Overwhelmed with terror, his companions took flight, and published far and wide the horrible event.

A new proof of the judgment meted out to ungrateful sinners by the Divine Majesty, a new proof of the fate awarded to those who are false to the vows they have assumed.

According to Father Daniel of the Blessed Virgin, it was in the year 1394 that Theodoric d'Aix wrote the above account.

To the preceding narration, we will add that some miracles inserted in the life of St. Albert, edited by Jean Marie de Poluci, towards the close of the fifteenth century. The Rev. Fr. Peter Thomas Sarrasin had read this life before 1627. For in the menology of Carmel, in relation to the acts of the saint, there appears on page 219 :

Jean Marie de Poluci adds what follows :—

"A poor man was so very lame that he was not able even to walk with

crutches. He had heard of the miracles performed by St. Albert. Day by day their fame grew more widely spread, and he was an enthusiastic admirer of all, that he heard.

"He caused himself to be carried to the tomb where the venerated remains had been placed, and there prayed from the very depths of his heart. He humbly asked him to make him whole again, then he touched the sepulchre.

"And at that moment by virtue of that touch 'the lame rose,' and walked, without assistance, to the altar with a firm and unflinching step. He joyfully made his thanksgiving for the favor, and then went to sound the praises of his benefactor—an appropriate acknowledgement to the saint who was deemed to interest himself for us! In augmenting his glory we sing the praises of the All Powerful God from whom emanate all things."

Here is another fact related by the same author : In the year 1692, Philip, a sailor, a native of Venice, took service with a merchant who was the owner of several vessels. His employer arranged with him as to the remuneration he was to receive, and told him it should be paid to him monthly. However, in a few weeks a financial panic occurred, and the merchant, sharing in the general ruin, could not redeem his promises.

A year passed away, and still not a penny had the poor man received. He returned home to find his aged father, his wife and children reduced to the last stage of misery.

Realizing the impossibility of giving even a morsel of bread to those for whom he had been working, he gave way to utter despair. His despair amounted to madness. He resolved to hang himself, thus terminating an unhappy life by a still more unhappy death!

He procured a rope and proceeded to accomplish his sinister design. He went towards "la place Saint Marc." It was a gloomy night; not a single star appeared to illuminate the intense darkness. But the night which obscured the soul of the wretched man was blacker still. And yet a glimmer of faith strove to cast a ray of light despite all the trouble in his brain. He clung desperately in his anguish to one thought,



and that was to St. Albert. Would not the blessed one come to aid him in his distress? God took this meritorious effort of faith into consideration. St. Albert had compassion on the desperate creature. The poor sailor was still near his home; he had not yet crossed the square, when a voice sounded in his ear: "Whither goest thou, Philip?" He paused and looked all around. He could see no one. The name of "Albert" went from his overburdened heart to his lips. Better sentiments began to take precedence in his heart. Hope whispered a cheering thought. "O! good Jesus! O! St. Albert!" he cried, "Come to my aid." Then regretting his guilty intention, he fervently implored the protection of the Saint. Assistance was not slow to arrive. The repentance and submission had preceded it. This is what God requires before he complies with our wishes.

Philip now felt amazed that he could have harbored such thoughts. He was overwhelmed with confusion. He humbly implored God's pardon. Then he stopped. After a few moment's reflection, submissive to the will of God, accepting the trial as coming from Him, he retraced his steps—towards home—praying all the while to St. Albert. When he was about half way across the square he perceived a faint glimmer, which pierced with a light scarcely perceptible the gloom which hung over the earth. In this light, from its very depths, he could discern something weighty, which fell at his feet.

In amazement, mingled with fear, Philip stooped and searched for the object he had seen fall. He soon found it. It was a purse of silk, full of gold. The darkness could not prevent his trying to count it, but not until he reached his dwelling could he see that it contained one thousand golden crowns. It can be imagined with what joy and gratitude the family united in thanking our Lord and St. Albert for the generous aid sent them in their need.

The same author, Jean Marie de Poluci, who, in the year 1396 preached at Venice in the Church of St. George, The Greater, declared several times from the pulpit that he had been an eye-witness of the following fact:—

"A priest, Marin by name, suffered greatly from a burning fever. this fever had withstood the skill of several eminent physicians. The poor priest was in danger of death. And meanwhile he had not as yet completed his mission upon this earth. He knew it! This is wherefore he confided himself to St. Albert. He sent them to ask for some of the water blessed with the relics of St. Albert, but God did not permit that he should be successful in his petition.

When the messenger returned with empty hands, and an account of his disappointment, the priest was not discouraged. In a transport of faith, he bade them bring a glass of unblessed water, and then said, 'O! Father! St. Albert! You know that every year I solemnly celebrate your feast day, and your vigil—I entreat you, bless this water yourself.'

Marin drank, with confidence, and a moment afterwards he fell asleep. During his slumber, St. Albert appeared to him, and said: 'O! beloved priest, arise and give glory to God.' Marin heard this appeal and obeyed. He was cured!

This narration of de Poluci is cited by Sarrasin, who adds these lines:

"Whilst I wrote the various events in the life of St. Albert, I found in the celebrated library of our monastery at Bologna a manuscript reproducing six acts, registered by Master Laurence des Pins, notary public of the Arch-diocese, and citizen of Bologna. These acts are testimonials in honor of St. Albert; tributes to the sanctity of the blessed one."

We hasten to produce them here.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

Acts of the Notary of Bologna, Master Laurence des Pins.

First testimonial: Bernardin de Mulites, son of Francis de Mulites, citizen and procurator of Bologna, during the pestilence which devastated Bologna in the year 1523, married Bena, daughter of Count Minius de Scardois. The terrible scourge extended its ravages far and wide; it spared neither the poor nor the rich. Madame Bena was stricken down, and as she had hopes of becoming a mother, her situation was even more serious. In such a case medical skill is of little avail,—a truth which, too soon,

the poor invalid recognized. Abandoned by her physicians as a case beyond aid, Madame Bena had a miscarriage, after which she remained for several hours unconscious and was supposed to be dead.

But Bernardin, who would not believe it, fervently invoked St. Albert. He implored the blessed one to help them, and made a promise in case he would be heard. Then he gave his wife some of the water in which the holy relics had been placed. Scarcely was the promise formulated than the patient felt very much better. Soon she was entirely restored, as well as others of the same family who had been attacked. The promise made by Bernardin entailed upon him to have a picture of St. Albert painted. He was to be represented as the "miracle worker," and the painting was to be placed in the Cathedral of St. Peter at Bologna. He had even pointed out the locality; it was to hang to the left of the old sacristy. Bernardin saw it completed. But the Bishop objected to its being hung in the church. Bernardin insisted; he entreated that he might be permitted to fulfil his promise. In vain,—the bishop would not yield. Then a new miracle was wrought. The following night St. Albert appeared to the Bishop, and the prelate was by him stricken with a raging fever. He yielded then and accorded the desired permission. Nay more, he voluntarily promised to have the solemn office of St. Albert celebrated in his cathedral during the remainder of his life. Finally he drank of the water blessed by the holy relics, and was cured. Here ends the first act of the notary.

Second: In the year 1534, Flora, daughter of the Sire Baptiste de Mezarachi, was taken very ill with fever. She promised that if St. Albert would restore her health she would offer at his shrine a statue of wax. Her prayer was heard. This act as well as the foregoing, may be found entered upon the official registers of the notary. Third: Jacques, son of Jean des Martelles of the parish of Sts. Vital and Agricol endured excruciating agony from a cancer. It had been pronounced to be incurable.

The horrible effluvia which exhaled from the wound sent everyone flying

from the spot. Even the most devout persons shrank from the offensive exhalation. The poor creature solemnly promised that if he were cured he would have the holy sacrifice of the mass offered up in honor of St. Albert in the Carmelite Church of St. Martin of Bologna.

He was fully restored to health. The public registers of the notary bear testimony to the above.

Fourth: In the year 1549, Novella, daughter of the Sire Francis de Monterenci, wife of the Sire Jerome des Bruhis, was violently attacked by the plague. She made a promise to do something in honor of St. Albert, and was immediately cured. (Taken from the same record.)

Fifth: In 1555, the illustrious doctor ("en droit") Sire Jean des Poetes, citizen of Bologna, was seized with a slow fever, which for a whole year threatened to terminate his life. He promised St. Albert that he would observe his feast and do him honor as long as he lived. He regained his health and gave thanks to God. Taken from the same registry.

Sixth: Jean, son of Jean de Ravenna, master carpenter, affirms under oath, that in the year 1559, his son Sebastjan, who had suffered from a lingering illness, died, to the excessive grief of his parents. Two days passed away, after which they prepared to bury the child. Meanwhile they prayed to St. Albert: O! wonderful!

The boy gradually recovered his natural bodily warmth, he breathed, he opened his eyes, he spoke! Marvelous and entirely beyond the natural order of things, he was entirely cured. The grateful parents thanked St. Albert, and Master des Pins had another miracle to record.

## CHAPTER XX.

### Continuation of Fr. Sarrasin's Narration

After having transcribed the records of the notary des Pins, the Reverend Father Sarrasin continues thus: "I will add, before finishing the life of St. Albert, the following fact which the very illustrious and Right Reverend Laurence Celse, Bishop of Castro, vice-legate of St. Albert, related to me. He had been, while at Viterbo, governor of the patrimony and was an eye-witness to it. Two monks from beyond the mountains purloined

from the sacristy of Viterbo a very precious relic of St. Albert.

Even though their theft had its origin in devotion, that did not render it less blamable. No intention, however good, can excuse a criminal action. The monks were very much exercised as to the result of their escapade; they concealed the relic, and took refuge in flight. They walked with all haste for an entire day, following the direction directly opposite the city. What was their surprise to find themselves, that same evening, under the walls of Viterbo! How could they be thus deceived about the route? They had taken the sun's course for a guide, and had not deviated from the line which should lead them towards the north.

Be that as it may, their minds were as yet not attuned to repentance. They reposed in the deep shadow of a little wood, and at the first faint blush of dawn, arose and continued their journey. Persevering in their fault, they went on with more speed than before, consequently when night approached they were overcome with fatigue. How joyfully, then they beheld the turrets and towers of a city stand out in bold relief against the azure sky! They hurried on. It was to find themselves again beneath the walls of Viterbo! They were stupefied terrified. Words cannot describe their feelings. They were mute! But their repentance was not in existence yet. After a few hours' repose they went on their way for the third time, without attaining a better result. The evening of the third day, they were as before, beneath the ramparts of Viterbo. At last they comprehended that this had happened as a punishment from God, and they were seized with terror at the thought.

They went with all haste to the arch-priest of Mont Fralisque, acknowledged their fault, and the subsequent adverse adventure, and they begged him to restore the relic to the Carmelite Monastery at Viterbo. The Arch-priest consented to do so. The unhappy robbers were this time more fortunate; they could at last take refuge in flight.

On the following morning the Arch-priest took the relic to the Most Reverend and illustrious Laurence Celse, governor of Patrimony. The latter called

for the Carmelite Fathers, and gave them the relics, evincing the greatest respect and devotion. They had been preserved through Divine intervention."

Upon concluding his narration the Rev. Father adds: "I humbly asked the governor for an authentic account of this wonderful occurrence. He granted my request. It is still to be found in our library at Bologna."

And now for this last prodigy which should not be forgotten. "The master Virginius Bentivola de Bologna, my dear father in Jesus Christ, had suffered for a long time from a violent fever, which put him in danger of death. Upon September eleventh, I visited him; my heart was overwhelmed with sorrow. I spoke to him at length upon the merits of St. Albert, and urged him to drink, with his usual devotion, of the water blessed with the relics of the Saint. He willingly consented. I went to the altar and celebrated Mass. Then I blessed the water and carried a portion to the patient. I repeated thrice: "O! the generosity, the power of God! How admirably it shines forth in His Saints!"

In three days a radical cure was effected. In commemoration of this remarkable event, Fra. Dominic Rota, of Bologna, in 1696, pronounced the most eloquent eulogy in a sermon remarkable for its power.

Fr. Sarrasin concludes thus: "There are innumerable miracles still, which I might relate, as being wrought by our great Saint. But there must be a limit, and unwillingly I allow them to be suppressed. The above account has only one end in view, and that is: "To obtain the protection of St. Albert for us in this life, and his assistance for us at the hour of death."

#### CHAPTER XXI.

Arnold Bostius—The Speculum Carmelitanum—Rev. Fr. Daniel of the Blessed Virgin Mary—Marie Ock.

Arnold Bostius, an author of the Carmelite Order, well-known throughout Belgium, as the Bollandists affirm, relates a very remarkable fact. It is to be found in his book entitled, "Illustrious Men of the Order of the Blessed Vir-

gin Mary of Mount Carmel." Fr. Daniel of the Blessed Virgin in pronouncing the eulogy of St. Albert, and narrating his constantly recurring miracles in his "Speculum Carmelitanum" cites this passage from Arnold's book. It occurs in Chapter II of the second part.—

Master Guillaume des Gui, Provincial of Sicily, related to me that in the year of our Lord 1465, St. Albert raised to life a dead person in the city of Agrigente. The mother of the resuscitated one testified to the miracle in presence of the illustrious Prince Anton, Count de Calathamperches, and the noble soldier Jean de Landoline." Here is another fact of which we owe the knowledge to the same Fr. Daniel. It is to be found in the appendix to the life of St. Albert, written by Theodoric d'Aix.

It treats of the restoration to health of Marie Ock, a tertiary of the Carmelite Order, whose life has been published by Rev. Fr. Albert of Saint-Germain. This miracle took place at Liege, January 6th, 1684.

Marie Ock, who was twenty-five years of age, had for three years suffered intolerably in consequence of a cancer in the liver.

The pains were accompanied by black vomiting and great nausea. The poor girl, having no hope of relief from physicians, led a melancholy life. Her days and nights were passed in the most intense misery, which forced from her irrepressible sighs and tears. Marie had the most ardent devotion to the Blessed Virgin. She had a special devotion to St. Albert, who is held in very high esteem at Liege. In the Carmelite Church at that place his feast is celebrated with the most imposing ceremonies.

Since the year 1644, the third Order of Mount Carmel received a large addition to its ranks. Fr. Mathias a Corona prior of the Carmelites, had given all his energies to the accomplishment of this end. Marie Ock had hastened to become a member of the holy band. She was an example of virtue to all the rest.

Having for her aim the imitation of the most holy Virgin, and observing the rule with scrupulous fidelity, Sister Marie Albert rapidly ascended the ladder of perfection. She was a true type of what a Tertian should be. Thus she

obtained, through the merits of St. Albert, innumerable graces and favors,—many more than had been vouchsafed her before. We will speak of what she obtained at the beginning of the year 1644. The illness from which she then suffered was a result of maladies which had afflicted her youth.

In view of the failure to relieve her, of her physicians, Marie Ock determined to make a novena to the Blessed Albert, and during the nine days thereof to drink of the water blessed by contact with his bones.

This was on the sixth of January; she drank about one and a half ounces of the holy water, and immediately felt better. That evening she took solid food without the usual result of vomiting. There was no return of that phase, and on the following night she slept, and was even able to lie upon the side which had always troubled her so much, without feeling inconvenienced in the least. When day dawned, she arose and could perform various avocations. But her parents, the priest and those who took care of her, opposed her thus exerting herself, although she felt equal to it from the first day of the novena. She continued the novena as a tribute of thanksgiving. Her health became perfect, and she declared that she had never felt better. This cure was pronounced to be miraculous by all the wise men of Liege. It was approved by the authority of the Ordinary, in accordance with the rules traced by the Council of Trent. Here follows the text of this approval:

"We have seen the testimony of licensed practitioners, doctors of theology and of others; also the declaration of Marie Ock, a girl of undoubted integrity,—the depositions under oath of various witnesses. These all were in the hands of Sire Jean de Blays, a priest and notary public, placed there in the cause of the miraculous cure operated through the grace of God and the merits of St. Albert upon the body of the said girl. We have seen the opinions of physicians. For this reason we have deemed it proper, nay, even a duty to authorize and approve the said miracle, and to permit it to be proclaimed publicly in the Church, as we proclaim it at present, for the greater honor and glory of God.

God, the all-powerful, who is admirable in his saints. We proclaim it in his honor and to the honor and glory of the Blesses Virgin, His Mother, and of St. Albert."

Given at Liege, under our signature in our claustral house, April III., 1648.

Signed, Jean Chockier,  
Vicar General of Liege.

We will add the inscription upon the ex-voto offered by Marie Ock in thanksgiving for her cure. The ex-voto consisted of a marble tablet attached to the wall, near the altar of St. Albert.

Here is the inscription:—

D. O. M.—

To St. Albert, Carmelite, who works miracles, who is the refuge of the sick, and the friend of the dying:

"Marie Ock, miraculously cured of a cancer of an obstinate and incurable nature through the merits of this great saint, as soon as she had taken the water blessed by contact with his bones, has dedicated to his altar this tablet. She offers it as an eternal testimony of honor and gratitude to his memory, 1648."

Eight of the most prominent physicians of this city decided that the cure could not be attributed to natural causes, nor to the efforts of art, but to God, whose power nothing can resist, and to the merits of St. Albert, the Carmelite.

The most eminent theologians also, those of the vicariate as well as the synodical examiners, secular and regular clergy to the number of twenty, convened specially by order of the Very Reverend and illustrious Sire Jean de Chockier de Surlet, vicar general for the spiritual affairs for the young Prince Frederiand, and Bishop of Liege, have investigated the facts with strict and rigorous impartiality. Adoring the infinite power of God, who is admirable in his saints, that have all declared this cure to be a miracle.

They have proclaimed their belief by their own signatures, as can be seen, affixed to the process which has been drawn up with the most minute exactness, and is preserved in this monastery.

This cure happened at Liege, the year of the Incarnation, 1648, and the year 356 since the death of St. Albert, Janu-

ary VI. This favor granted to Marie Ock, through the intercession of St. Albert was not to be the only one. Immediately after the cure Sr. Mary Albert of the Cross felt herself animated by a fervor more intense than before. Again she offered to God her body, her soul, her whole being

It is not astonishing that the demon rushed into the field to combat her holy resolutions. But protected by the Blessed Virgin and St. Albert she conquered the evil spirit and remained victorious over all his diabolical wiles.

She was, later on, favored by a vision in which Our Lord Jesus Christ, bearing his cross, appeared to her. His Blessed Mother and St. Albert appeared to her at the same time.

Obliged under obedience by her direction to record the vision as it occurred, she prayed to her holy patron St. Albert to aid her in the task. The saint appeared to her, gave her his benediction, and guided her hand whilst she wrote. When the narration was finished, with the exception of a small portion, she asked to be permitted to conclude it alone, and knelt to receive the blessing of the saint.

Then again he took her by the hand and said: "You are my dear and well beloved child." Then with a silent blessing, he departed.

But Satan never knows, or will not admit, that he has been positively overcome.

Many times Marie Ock had been subjected to terrible temptations against virtue.

She had always valiantly resisted, but the violent struggles caused her great suffering. We find the following in the annals of Carmel upon the above fact:

"It was the seventh day of August, 1655, feast of the glorious St. Albert. Marie had gone through a combat which well nigh exhausted her powers of endurance. The Blessed Virgin Mary, in all her grand and magnificent beauty, accompanied by St. Albert, appeared to her, re-assured and consoled her. Sr. Marie Albert of the Cross, besides the above, had frequent visits from the Blessed One. One day he said to her: "God wishes to annihilate you through the Cross. You should adore Him in a

manner similar to St. Andrew. Offer yourself to Him as a holocaust. However, he offers you consolations also. You have the privilege of choosing between them." The nun asked which, the Cross or the consolations would be the more pleasing to Our Lord. "Even though you would choose consolations," replied the saint, "you would not, for that, be displeasing to God." "I only desire two things," replied she. "To love and to suffer." Another time, like St. Theresa, she ardently desired to die to enjoy the sight of God. St. Albert directed her to ask of Our Lord Jesus Christ a prolongation of her life. He even taught her in what manner she was to word the request. Here follows the prayer he dictated: "My dear Jesus, I the least of all your servants, pray you in all humility to prolong my life. I offer myself to Your Divine Majesty for the sins of mankind, as an expiation thereof. Also for the relief of souls in Purgatory." Our Lord accepted this offering, and in token that He had done so, she was overwhelmed with sufferings. Jesus, Himself, deigned to give her the name as Sr. Mary Albert of the Cross. One day when Marie received Holy Communion she heard the voice of St. Albert, who spoke thus: "Courage! your Spouse will enter your heart in its crucified state. He will bring naught but thorns and nails, sufferings and bitterness. Courage! Love to suffer more and more every day! Eternity is long enough to enjoy, and you have only this life in which to suffer. If there were no suffering on this earth, it would be utterly useless to live."

Marie responded to the exhortations of the saint by a still more ardent love of the Cross, and a more utter abandonment of self.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

Father Philip of the Visitation—The Life of the Saint is Written also by Him.

After all the authors cited by us, Father Philip of the Visitation has left us a life of the miracle worker. This life was written in French. It narrates a number of other miracles. He does not give the details, but he says that in Spain, at Saragossa, the saint worked many miracles. He made the blind to see, he cured cases of malignant fever,

when hope of recovery was abandoned. He healed desperate diseases of every kind. The authorities selected fourteen cases from amongst them all, and caused them to be solemnly published in the Carmelite Church on the same day. This public testimony to St. Albert is the most splendid proof of his great power that I could produce.

In other instances the recital of Father Philip is more ample.

The following fact will be a proof of this: "In the year of grace, 1645, there lived at Trapani, in Sicily, a man named Hyppolytus, who was possessed of great riches. Although he made good use of his wealth, and was generous and obliging, his good fortune aroused the envy of the covetous.

One day when he had made some very important collections, a poor man who lived in his vicinity succeeded in entering the house. The visitor had no qualms as to taking all the money and valuables that he could lay his hands on, and fleeing with them to the adjacent forests. When he returned the merchant felt not only consternation, but was justly indignant at so base an act.

However, trusting in the intercession of St. Albert, and above all, in the goodness of God, he promised Our Lord that if he recovered his lost treasures he would have a massive silver statue of the saint executed at once. The next day at the usual hour he mounted his horse to go and attend to his affairs. The animal was gentle, and readily listened to the voice of his master.

But to-day, scarcely had they left the city behind them, it started off in a furious gallop. Its rider put forth his best efforts to stop it. But all in vain. The steed broke the reins and was deaf to all attempts whatsoever. Hyppolytus could scarcely hold it between his robust limbs, the courser passed over the space with the swiftness of an arrow. They had now reached the very heart of the forest. There the horse stopped suddenly at the risk of dismounting his cavalier. He immediately began to dig up the earth with his fore feet. Hyppolytus was astonished. His attention aroused, he followed with interest the action of his horse. In a little while he saw a gold piece then two, then three, then a

great number shining in the clear light of the day. In an instant he had recovered all his wealth without a dubloon missing.

He very munificently fulfilled his promise.

Father Philip has also preserved for us the memory of another fact. At Valenciennes in the year 1671, Madame Anna Frances Fagot attended a celebration at which an immense crowd was present. She discovered that she had lost a valuable gold cross, one of her most treasured possessions. She was very much annoyed at the loss. She went to Father Philip for advice. He bade her commend the affair to St. Albert and, to secure the aid of the Saint to have the holy sacrifice of the mass celebrated in his honor the next day. She assisted at the Mass. En route for home she saw, whilst still engaged in prayer, her dog run towards her, frisking merrily as it came.

He stopped and offered her the cross which it held in its mouth. These examples are still another proof of the greatness of God's mercy to us. Not only does the Lord grant the wishes we formulate for our spiritual good, but he watches over our temporal wants, and does not refuse the realization of our legitimate desires. Do we always know how to thank Him as he deserves to be thanked?

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### Mary Magdalen de Pazzi.

The life of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi was rich in lessons most precious for the soul. In every phase it presented the most edifying aspects. No religious of the Carmelite Order gave a more edifying example of mortification, of obedience, of every virtue than did this holy nun. Her love for God was so intense that it frequently manifested itself in ecstasies of divine adoration. But one thought even made any impression upon her heart. That God, who is all love, is not sufficiently loved.

In fine, she almost attained to the sublime heights of St. Theresa.

But it is not the life of this illustrious Carmelite that we are transcribing now.

It is well, however, to cast a glance upon the childhood and youth of this

cily. This will enable us to understand the predilection with which she was honored by this great saint, and we will only speak of her in connection with what relates to St. Albert.

St. Mary Magdalen descended through her father from the illustrious family of the de Pazzi, inherited a claim to nobility from her mother also, who was a Buondelmonti, a race second to none in the kingdom. There was also a connection with the sovereign house of the Medicis. The young girl was born at Florence, April XI., 1566. She received in baptism the name of Catharine, in honor of St. Catharine of Siemia. From her very infancy she was adorned with the rarest virtues, her love for God revealed itself with wonderful precocity. Her most ardent desire was to receive Holy Communion. Scarcely ten years of age she was admitted to the banquet of divine love. Her purity was so great and her fervor so intense that her confessor permitted her to receive every eight days. She was not slow to anticipate the life of sacrifice, which she proposed to adopt. In the first place, on Holy Thursday, she united herself to Jesus by the vow of virginity. Then she began to subject her to severe penitential exercises. The reward was not slow to come, for at twelve years of age, whilst walking in the garden with her mother, she was ravished with ecstasy. When Catharine was fourteen years old her father was appointed governor of Cortona.

She was placed with the sisters of St. John as a pupil of the academy, but her daily life was rather that of a fervent novice. Much of her time she devoted to the reading of spiritual books. Books of prayer, and lives of the saints. She also swept the apartments, made the beds, and occupied herself with the most humble duties. Upon her return to Florence, her father wished her to marry. She then revealed to him her intention of entering religion, a decision which gave him great pain.

He, however, although reluctantly, gave his consent. At the age of seventeen, to her great joy, she was permitted to join the Carmelite Order at St. Fidrien.

To be continued.

## A Month in Acadia.

The next morning after our return from the "apple-land of Acadia," we took the D.A.R. to Kentville, about seven miles distant. The sun was glowing, yet tempered, as if to favor our pleasure. I remember, when a boy, seeing a picture in a geography called "a view of Kentville," and it so impressed me that I have never forgotten it. Well, this is Kentville! And it is a beautiful town full of leafy seclusion. It is an ideal spot, methinks, for the artist and poet; babbling brooks abound, thick set with gnarled trees,

"Where emerald oziers bending softly down, appear to kiss the rivulet they love."

The town is embowered in a couple of narrow valleys, where elm trees appear most plentiful. The banks of the valleys are rather abrupt, and the valleys themselves take some unexpected turns. The Cornwallis river meanders gracefully through the meadows. Here and there little rustic bridges greet the eye, and the stilly streets, with over-arching shade trees, seem the acme of tranquil bliss. Everyone in Kentville ought to be, by nature, a poet or an artist, for his environment is such that the good and the beautiful are ever present to his eye.

Yet, withal, Kentville is a busy town. It is the capital and trading centre of the rich county of Kings. It is the seat of the offices and machine shops of the Dominion Atlantic Railway. The social life of this town is, perhaps, not the least of its charming features, and, to one who has the entre, it makes a journey here an event never to be forgotten.

There is a branch of the D.A.R. that runs down through the Cornwallis valley from Kentville to Kingsport, a distance of fourteen miles. Our party decided that a trip there would not be without interest, so we took the first train. On the journey we passed through the town of Canning,—a typical farming town, surrounded by rich meadows. Through it flows the *Habitant*, once a large river but now a mere stream. Here we disembark, so to speak, in order to drive across to the foot of North Mountain, and the "Look Off." It is but a short

distance, and as the carriage crawls up its steep face a series of enchanting pictures is unfolded to view. The panorama seen from the summit is marvelous, not only for its sublime breadth, but for the variety of its loveliness. From your feet the mountain-side falls away abruptly, a mass of foliage palpitating with colored light. Far down below lies the quaint village of Percau, wrapped in a mantle of sunshine. Further to the left is the enchanted dale of Whitewaters.

"Up from the wharf at Whitewaters, Where scarce a slim sandpiper stirs, A yellow roadway climbs, that feels Few footsteps and infrequent wheels. It climbs to meet the western sun Upon the heights of Blomidon, Bulwark of piece, whose bastioned form Out-bars the serried hosts of storm."

A little beyond Whitewaters the waves are breaking on the base of Blomidon; and thence the eye ranges far up Cobequid Bay, past "Noel's haunted shores" on the one hand, and the mystic "Five Islands" on the other. In the left of the landscape white sails are fleeing over the bosom of Minas Basin; and bathing all is the soft light of the Acadian sky, deep blue but vaporous.

A drive of about four miles further along the crest brings us out upon the massive brow of Blomidon itself. Here one looks down almost six hundred feet into the unsleeping tide.

Returning to Canning we take the train for Kingsport, three miles further on. This is a breezy shipping town on a tongue of land thrust far out into the Basin. From Kingsport yards are launched some of the largest sailing ships of the world. With its fresh breezes, good bathing, and wide, exhilarating outlook, this town is fast becoming popular as a summer resort.

For the present we will rest in Kingsport, where there are comfortable inns, quiet and homelike, and on the morrow the steamship "Evangeline" will bring us around the base of Blomidon and up to Parrsboro.

John A. Lanigan, M.D.



*Rest.*

In omnibus requiem quaesivi, etc.—Ecl.  
24.

I sought in all things for my rest,  
More sweet the word to me  
Than rippling wavelets monotone  
Of moonlit sapphire sea.  
More gladdening than the skylark's  
hymn,

...When shades of night are flown;  
More soothing than the summer-breeze  
That sighs in woodland lone.  
And yet, we find not perfect rest  
In beauties of this earth,  
But only in the love of Him  
Who gave our longings birth.  
And, listen! Saint Augustine sings  
This touching melody:  
"Our hearts were formed, O my God!  
To rest alone in Thee."

Not then in scenes however fair  
Or pleasure, science, art;  
Not yet in friendship's sympathy  
But in our Jesus' Heart.

Its beauty never fades away,  
Its love cannot grow cold;  
Things ever ancient and yet new  
In this sweet hour unfold.

"Give them, O Lord, eternal rest!"  
When loved ones pass away,  
Thus mournfully, amidst our tears  
With Holy Church we pray.

But let us, as this life flows on,  
Beseech our Saviour blest,  
Give us at least an earnest, Lord,  
Of everlasting rest.

Enfant de Marie.

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CRITICISING PRIESTS.

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Receives Courteous but Stern Rebuke.

"It is, unfortunately, a failing with some good Catholics," remarked Our Next Door, gazing contemplatively at the glowing coals in the grate—that cost \$12 a ton, by the way—"that they are given to criticism of their priests, although they have the grace not to do so in the presence of those not of the faith. In fact they would resent anything of the kind coming from a Protestant, but when the company is composed exclusively of Catholics, they con-

sider the discussion of imperfections of their spiritual guides as a sort of family affair and privilege. A few evenings ago I was at a little gathering in which a discussion was held regarding the irritable temperament of a reverend gentleman well known to most of the company. One of the party, an ex-officer of the army, took no part in the conversation until one of those who had most forcibly expressed his adverse opinion, turned to him and said;

"Now, colonel, you know Father—, What do you think of him?"

"The colonel paused a moment and then replied: 'I am a Yankee, you know, and will answer your question by asking another. Suppose you were taken mortally ill at midnight during one of those blizzards that we are subject to at this season, and should send for Father—, as you are in his parish; don't you know, as an indisputable fact, that he would instantly leave his warm bed and tramp through the storm and darkness to answer your call, at any risk to his life and health?'"

"Well, yes," admitted the questioner.

"And when he sat by you in that dread hour and gave you such strength and consolation as only a priest of God can give, wouldn't you feel like condoning that little petulance of temper which his mother gave him and which the sore trials of life sometimes bring out? I tell you, boys, the best and truest description of a priest that I ever read was this: 'He is a man who has made a vow to be a saint.' And that covers the ground. In my long and varied life I never met one of them whom I could not admire and reverence."

"This courteous and gentle rebuke effectually silenced the discussion."—The New Century.

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The soul which follows in the footsteps of Christ and in poverty and hard work and misfortune bravely meets and nobly endures will find light in unexpected places and joy where fears were looked for. There is a subtle law here, and if we can discover it and be guided by it the clouds will have a silver lining and even our sorrows will prove a blessing.

## Editorial Notes.

Not long ago Emperor William of Germany paid a visit to the Holy Father. He surrounded himself with imperial pomp and pageantry, showing all the world how much more important he considered his visit to the Vatican, than that to his allied royal brother at the Quirinal. Newspapers of all shades commented on this singular behavior of a Protestant Emperor, some English papers even blaming him. But the late elections in Germany throw a new light upon his wise conduct. The greatest gains in these elections were made by the Socialists, who send 81 members to the Reichstag, forming the strongest political party outside of the Centrum. This significant increase of Socialism is confined entirely to the Protestant districts of Germany, and to those large cities, in which Catholics form a small minority. Thus the whole kingdom of Saxony, overwhelmingly Protestant, is now in the hands of Social Democracy. Bebel, their leader, proudly refers to Saxony as "the red kingdom." The Emperor, who is an outspoken opponent of the Social Democrats, can only count on the Centrum party, the Catholic party, to uphold him in his earnest wish to protect Germany against the encroachment of Socialism, for the Centrum is the only party that has held its own in spite of the shameful treachery of its former Polish adherents. The Emperor is thus placed before the alternative, not of Protestant or Catholic, but of Socialist or Catholic. His Protestant subjects are rapidly swelling the ranks of the Social Democrats, who have undermined their belief in heaven, and promise them an ideal paradise on earth. No wonder that the Emperor looks for safety to the Rock, against which hell cannot prevail. No wonder that he offers up fervent prayers for the Pope, who has written such luminous encyclicals on the Social questions. No wonder that his clear intelligence and his courageous heart are more and more influenced by that Power, which is the only protection and safeguard against revolutionary errors. He cannot become a Socialist, his Protestantism has failed him, there is only one

means of salvation left, the Kingdom of God on earth, the Catholic Church.

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On the last of June, the Hospice of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls was the scene of an unusual re-union of the Carmelites in America. The fifth Provincial Chapter was held under the presidency of the Superior General of the whole Carmelite Order. Our readers know that an American Carmelite now holds that office, the Most Reverend Pius R. Mayer, the first prior of Niagara Falls, and the first Provincial of the American Province. For the first time in the history of the Order, the successor of St. Simon Stock came across the Atlantic to preside at a Chapter of the American Province. Founded in this country as late as 1865, the Order has now nine priories and several other residences. A year ago St. Cyril's College in Chicago was opened, giving the Carmelites an opportunity to return to their ancient occupation as teachers, a calling which they adorned for so many centuries in Oxford, Cambridge, Paris and Salamanca. Among the resolutions adopted at the Chapter there was one concerning new missionary fields in America, which will prove of the greatest interest to our readers. We are not able to give any particulars yet, but we mention this new work in order to enlist the prayers and co-operation of the friends of Carmel. As the work progresses, we will be glad to report details to our readers.

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Although the internal affairs of the Carmelite Order are not discussed in these pages, our readers have a right to know the external changes in persons and conditions of the Order. The Carmelite Review has been declared the official organ of the Province. Therefore we here gave a list of the new superiors. The new Provincial is the Very Rev. Ambrose Bruder, O. C. C., whose residence will be at the Carmelite Monastery, 1501 Center ave., Pittsburg, Pa. The following were elected Priors of the various houses: Revs. Albert Wagner, at Pittsburg, Pa.; Dionysius Best, at Niagara

Falls, Ont.; T. J. McDonald, at Englewood, N. J.; Albert Murphy, Chicago, Ill.; Alphonse Brandstaetter, at Scipio, Kas.; Sebastian Urnauer, at Leavenworth, Kas.; Ferdinand Vander Staay, at New Baltimore, Pa. The Definitory of the Province is composed of the following four fathers: Revs. Paul Ryan, J. C. Feehan, A. J. Smits and Bernard Fink. The Master of Novices is A. J. Smits, New Baltimore, Pa. A strong staff of missionaries was formed, and the former Provincial, Very Rev. A. J. Kreidt, appointed director of the missions. His residence will remain at Niagara Falls, Canada, to which address all applications for missions and retreats are to be sent.

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The death of Cardinal Vaughan leaves vacant one of the most important and difficult positions in the Catholic hierarchy. Great men were his predecessors. Cardinal Wiseman, the scholarly linguist, and Cardinal Manning, the staunch convert. History will hardly rank the late Cardinal on the same level. But he, too, fulfilled his mission well. He was a man of affairs, founder of the Foreign Missionary College at Mill Hill, England, and builder of the new Cathedral of Westminster. He came of an ancient Catholic family, which had always been ready to dedicate its means, its blood, and its sons and daughters to the service of the Church. An English Tory, he did not sympathize with the political movements of the Irish people, who, however, generously aided him in his labors for the negro missions. Aggressively and uncompromisingly Catholic, he had little patience with the half-hearted Ritualists, who hovered around the threshold of the Church, afraid to step over it, waiting outside for concessions and recognition of their sham Anglican orders. The grand spectacle of his public and formal profession of faith on the eve of his death, forms a fit closing scene of his active life in the service of God and the Church. The new Cathedral of Westminster will be his monument. We only regret that the monument is not in better taste. To our eye it is a striped monstrosity in an unbecoming situation, and a totally unworthy com-

panion of the great old Catholic Cathedrals of England. We understand the reasons for not erecting a Roman church, with St. Paul's as a neighbor, or a gothic structure, with the beautiful Westminster Abbey as a competitor; but if the Byzantine style seemed to be called for, it would have been better to follow the great Cathedrals of Constantinople and Venice more closely. Red brick, even with horizontal bars of grey stone in regular layers, seems to us an unfit material for such a structure. Tastes differ, in spite of recognized standards, and there are many who call this cathedral the greatest work of the late Cardinal. May he rest in peace!

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There can be no contradiction between true science and religion. Religion is founded on revealed truth. God is the author of nature as well as of revelation, and cannot contradict Himself. Thus, for the Catholic scholar there is no possibility of scientific error. He can calmly await each new discovery in science as a further confirmation of his position. Of course, there is debatable ground. The scholastic theory of physical science, although accepted by the greater number of Catholic philosophers, did not seem correct to many of our modern Catholic scientists. But the latest discovery of the qualities of matter, as found in the properties of radium, must set them thinking. Taking account of the astonishing experiments made with this new element, the theory has been formulated, that every atom of matter is composed of absolutely identical ions, the difference in atoms being caused only by the different quantity of ions. Can this possibly be, or rather must it not be the *materia prima* of the scholastics? The ion cannot exist except in an atom—just as *materia prima* cannot exist without its substantial form. Thus we find in the old musty volumes of St. Thomas, what will probably be called in the next future, the greatest scientific discovery of the day.

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In an interview with Archbishop Quigley, published in the *Inter Ocean*, of Chicago, this eminent prelate in his us-

nal clear manner, speaks of the probable successor of the Pope, of the Phillipine question, of the growth of Republicanism in Italy, of Socialism, and the race problem in the South. According to his opinion, Cardinal Gotti is the most prominent candidate for the Papacy. Of him he says: "Cardinal Gotti is a wonderfully equipped man for the place. He is a profound scholar, knows the world well and is large in his sympathies, and of a very kindly nature." Later on he calls Cardinal Gotti "a good man, an able man and well qualified for the high position as head of the Church." His elevation to the Cardinalate came soon after he was made head of the Carmelite Order. It has already been customary to have the head of this Order a Cardinal, and when he was selected for the former position Pope Leo made him a Cardinal." The Archbishop also offers a solution of the race problem, a solution which has often enough been successfully employed by the Church, but which will sound novel to the general American public. He says:

"The race problem? Yes, it can be solved and solved surely. The negro of the South needs the Church and the field. If the system that was in vogue in the Phillipines prior to the war were inaugurated in the South, in one hundred years you would hear no more of the race problem. The friars' plan, as carried out in the Phillipines, would solve it for all time to come. We will say that the Carmelites were given half a dozen counties in Mississippi, the Franciscans another section, the Jesuits another, and so on. Then let the State or the Church purchase, say 1000 acres of land. A monastery would be built. One hundred brothers would, perhaps, be identified with the monastery. These would take charge of the work in the fields and the quarries and so on. Schools would be built and churches reared. The colored people would then be given employment under the brothers. They would live happily, their children would be educated and given a good Christian training. They would marry and rear good families, and all laws would be respected. They would become good citizens, and the race question

would forever be disposed of."

A beautiful dream! The Indians of Mexico and of Canada were treated in this way and became good law-abiding citizens. But in the United States, although the Catholic missionaries had, abundantly proved the efficacy of this solution, the Indian missionaries were not only not helped or encouraged by the Government, they were unjustly deprived of a support unstintedly given to anti-Catholic institutions. We have a Carmelite mission among the Choctaw Indians in Mississippi. Our Fathers are on the verge of starvation. The Indians have been ordered to the Indian territory under penalty of losing the small subsidy now granted them. Will the Government be more willing to foster a work among the negroes, which it is now trying to hinder in the Phillipines and among the Indians? The Indians have been nearly exterminated. This is the Anglo-Saxon solution. The numerous lynchings are an indication of the same spirit with regard to the negro, and in the Phillipines the process had been well begun, and may at any moment be continued. Still, as the Archbishop says, the world is getting better, even the American world, even Chicago. Public sentiment is on the side of right and goodness. We hope the great Archbishop is right. He usually is in his views on men and affairs, and he is full of apostolic zeal in openly proclaiming them.

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The expressed love of Our Holy Father on his death bed for Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, seems to have influenced the faithful clients of Our Lady to make unusual demonstration in her honor. The annual pilgrimage on the 16th of July to the shrine of Our Lady at Niagara Falls, was attended by a vast multitude from all the neighboring cities and towns—at least three thousand pilgrims gathered for the celebration of the feast, and the gaining of the great Indulgence granted by the great Pontiff, now at the point of death. Twice the Church was filled by the hundreds who received Holy Communion. The capacious tent was unable to shelter the number of those who assisted at the Solemn High Mass sung at the improvised altar on the grounds. The Rev. Father-Bubenheim, pastor of;

St. Mary Magdalen Church, Buffalo, was the celebrant, assisted by two seminarians of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. The beautiful sermon at this Mass, which made a deep impression on all the hearers was delivered by Rev. P. J. Wilson of St. Stephen's Church, Buffalo.

• Synopsis of Sermon.

He took for his text those beautiful words: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call Me blessed."—Luke I. 48.

He said in substance: These prophetic words had been fulfilled in the Church throughout all ages, and we are here today for the same purpose, uniting th? past with the future. Today we commemorate the giving of the scapular to St. Simon Stock.

We wear the scapular, he said, to honor Mary. God honored her first of all by lifting her up above the stream of corruption so that she was free from original sin and gifted with great sanctity the first moment of her existence. She was founded on the holy mountain of God, what other saints attained at the end of the r lives after many trials and struggles she possessed in the beginning of her life.

Then he honored her by bestowing on her the greatest dignity of which a creature is capable, making her the mother of the World Incarnate. It is the greatest honor for saints to be called the servants of God, but she was not only a servant, she was His mother; she held Him in her arms, nursed Him, and performed towards Him all the duties of a mother. Moreover, we wear the scapular as a pledge of Mary's protection.

Christ was obedient to her as long as He lived here on the earth. Will He now grant her less that she is enthroned with Him in heaven. It is natural for a good son to love and obey his mother, and the more powerful he is the more he will do for her. Solomon, the wisest of men, placed his mother on a throne at his side, and told her to ask for whatever she wished, and it would be granted. Transfer this scene to heaven. Here is the Son of God on His throne. His mother at His side. He remembers what she did for Him, her suf-

ferings in the stable at Bethlehem; her flight into Egypt; her sufferings at the foot of the cross. Could we imagine for one moment that this all-wise Son would refuse her any request?

Besides, Christ has given her to us as a spiritual mother.

But if she protects all her servants, she will especially protect those who wear the Scapular.

The Scapular was given to St. Simon Stock, a saint of the Carmelite Order, the most ancient order of the Church. It dates its existence back to the Prophet Elias, who, with other holy men, led a secluded life on Mt. Carmel. These holy men and their successors, who well understood the prophecies, honored the future mother of God, and when she did appear on the earth, these holy hermits of Mt. Carmel were with the Apostles among the first to honor her and acknowledge her exalted dignity.

After many centuries, being driven by persecution to seek new homes, some of these holy men came to England, where they founded a monastery. It was here that the holy man Simon, surnamed Stock, joined the Order, in which he led a life most edifying to all, and often besought the Blessed Virgin to give them some sign of her special protection. One day she appeared to him and gave him the scapular, assuring him that whoever wore this scapular when dying would not suffer the eternal flames of hell.

Now we have two impossibilities, Mary cannot be unfaithful to her promises, and on the other hand any one that dies wearing the Scapular cannot be lost. Then he gave a few instances to prove these assertions, and concluded by urging all to wear the Scapular faithfully and gain all the indulgences they could for themselves and their departed friends and relatives.

After the Mass, the pilgrims at the different booths and in the spacious dining room of the Hospice, took their midday meal, and then continued the visits to the Shrine. It was a most edifying sight to witness the evident fervor and devotion with which the thousands thronged the little church. To gain as many indulgences as possible, visit after visit was made, until notice was given of the closing ceremonies under the tent. Rev.

F. X. Neubrand, S.J., addressed the pilgrims in German. In his eloquent sermon he dwelt especially on Mary's qualities as mother. By apt illustrations in touching simplicity of style, he compared our Heavenly Mother with a good mother on earth. He showed how such a mother can help, will help, and must help her children. Then he proved how Our Lady is our mother, by her being the mother of our first-born Brother, as well as by the special legacy of her dying son; how she can help us, how she wishes to help us, and how she must help us; that every sinner has a claim on her from the very fact that he is a sinner, and because she became mother of the Redeemer, only on account of us sinners, who needed a Redeemer. She has invented the Scapular as the greatest help she could offer us; she insures us by this motherly gift against the eternal fires of hell, and insures us eternal life.

After the sermon, the Papal Benediction was given. The Carmelite father, who imparted this blessing, called upon his hearers to remember the dying Pontiff, who from his death-bed sends his blessings and relies upon the prayers of the clients of our Lady of Mt. Carmel to sustain him in his last struggle. The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was followed by the *Te Deum*, closing the beautiful day.

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### *Voices from the Heart.*

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The following lines were suggested by the simple, yet very beautiful poems thus entitled. Perhaps they may be familiar to some of our readers, or at least the name of their gifted writer, Ellen Downing, who wrote under the "*Nom de plume*," "*Mary*," may have resounded like one of the Irish melodies, in their hearts and homes.

These "voices" remind us of Longfellow's desire—not for "the grand old masters" whose "mighty thoughts" suggest ideas of "life's endless toil and endeavor," but for the songs of humbler poets, gushing from the heart, and tranquilizing the restless spirit with soothing sweetness. They steal through the aisles of spirit, and like the plaintive "*O Salutaris!*" of

an evening's benediction, elevate our souls to "*Patria*."

#### I.

I listened in the Summer eve  
To "Voices from the Heart,"  
And longed to twine a wreath of song  
With "Mary's" graceful art.  
She seemed to live for God alone  
Amidst celestial bands,  
And hear the golden harps vibrate  
In their angelic hands.

#### II.

How beautiful, though simple,  
Each plaintive melody!  
How varied these poetic themes,  
And bright their imagery!  
They gush from out her heart, and still  
The restless pulse of care,  
And soothe like benedictions calm,  
Which follow after prayer.

#### III.

And on those angel-wings which seemed,  
Enfolding her with love,  
They elevate the wearied soul  
To things that are above.  
This gifted singer of our land  
Is now at peaceful rest,  
And yet her heart with music thrills  
In Heaven's midst the blest.

#### IV.

And to all time shall echoes wait  
Most soft, and sweet, and low,  
Melodious "voices" from the heart  
Of "Mary" long ago!  
And like a silvery chime of bells  
They tell of "peace to men;"  
And "glory" to the noblest theme  
For heart, and voice, and pen.  
Enfant de Marie.

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There is a great force hidden in a sweet command.

Difficulty, adversity and suffering are not all evil, but often the best source of strength and virtue. Some men only require a great difficulty set in their way to exhibit the force of their character, and difficulty, once conquered, becomes one of the greatest incentives to their progress. It is not prosperity so much as adversity, not wealth so much as poverty, that stimulates the perseverance of strong and healthy natures.

*Wearers of the Brown.*

Scapular names have been received at: Niagara Falls, from Sacred Heart Church, Chicago, Ill.; North Sydney, C. B.; Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, Calif.; Holy Trinity Church, Trinidad, Colo.; St. Mary's Church, Atlantic Mine, Mich.; Walkerton, Ont.; University of Notre Dame, Ind.; St. Frances' Church, Randolph, Nebr.; Detroit College, Detroit, Mich.; Chepstow, Ont.; St. Peter's Church, Great Barrington, Mass.; Latrobe, Pa.; St. John's Home, Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Lawrence's Church, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, London, Ont.; Church of Our Lady, Guelph, Ont.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Dundas, Ont.; St. Mary's Institution for Deaf-mutes, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Francis Xavier's Church, Karlsruhe, Ont.; Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Ithaca, N.Y.; St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N.Y.; Jasper College, Jasper, Ind.; Victoria, B.C.; Trinity, Nfld.; St. Ignatius' Mission, Mont Crysler, Ont.; Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto, Ont.; Trepassey, Nfld.; St. Paul's Church, Reading, Pa.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; St. Francis' Church, Louisville, Ky.; St. Augustine's Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa.; Defiance, O.; St. Ann's Church, Bennett, Pa.; Applecreek, Mo.; Cleveland, O.; Paxico, Kas.; St. Ambrose's Church, Henshaw, Ky.; Church of the Sacred Heart, Toronto, Ont.; St. Paul's Church, Toronto, Ont.; Guysboro, N.S.; Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Chicago, Ill.; St. Catharine's Church, St. Catharines, Ont.; Washington, Iowa; St. Peter's Church, Beaver Dam, Wis.; Kenilworth, Ont.; St. Francis' Convent, Dubuque, Iowa; St. Bonaventure's Church, Allegany, N. Y.; St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Ont.; Holy Family Church, Rochester, N. Y.; Toronto, Ont.; St. Peter's Church, Troy N.Y.; St. Canisius' College, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. James' Hospital, Butte, Mont.; St. George's Church, Louisville, Ky.; St. Gertrude's Church, Grantfork, Ill.; O'Neill, Neb.; Cascade, Iowa; St. Joseph's Church, Braddock, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Salix, Iowa; Reserve Mines, C. B.; Sacred Heart Church, Uxbridge, Ont.; Trinity, Nfld.; Deemerton, Ont.; Freder-

icton, N.B.; St. Augusta, Minn.; Sprague, Wash.; Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, Ont.; Convent of Good Shepherd, Buffalo, N.Y.; Moose Creek, Ont.; Berwick, O.; St. Columba's Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; Fond du Lac, Wis.; Mankato, Minn.; St. Agatha's Church, St. Agatha, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Dunkirk, N.Y.; Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Church of Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont.

Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Mary's of the Winds, Vigo Co., Ind.; St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Mt. Vernon, O.; St. Joseph's Church, Freeport, Ill.; St. Mary's Church, Wytheville, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Sharpsburg, Pa.; St. Augustine's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Martin's College, Lacy P.O., Wash.; St. Joseph's House, Wilksbarre, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Pueblo, Colo.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Notre Dame de la Visitation, West Bay City, Mich.; Immaculate Conception Church, Louisville, Ky.; Holy Angel's Church, St. Albans, Vt.; Fryburg, Pa.; St. Paul's Church, St. Paul, Mo.; St. Joseph's Church, Peoria, Ill.; St. Mary's Monastery, Herman, Pa.; St. Vincent's Arch-abbey, Beatty, Pa.; St. Bonaventure's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Francis' Church, Louisville, Ky.; St. Peter's Church, Butler, Pa.; St. Michael's Church S.S., Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Martinburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Scottsdale, Pa.; St. Joseph's Priory, Covington, Ky.; St. Ambrose's Church, Allegheny, Pa.; New Coeln, Wis.; St. Meinrad's, Ind.; Williamsport, Pa.

New Baltimore, Pa., from St. Peter's Church, Louisville, Ky.; Church of the Holy Ghost, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Maurice's Church, Napoleon, Ind.; St. Joseph's Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; St. Catharine's Church, Du Bois, Pa.; Richfield, Wis.

The man who gives his life for principle has done more for his kind than he who discovers a new metal or names a new gas; for the great motors of the race, are moral not intellectual, and their force lies ready to the use of the poorest and the weakest of us all.—James Russell Lowell.

*Book Review.*

"The Friendships of Jesus," by the Rev. M. J. Ollivier, O.P. Translated from the French by M. C. Keogh. (B. Herder, St. Louis, price \$1.50.)

Our religion is principally a matter of the heart. "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart," is the highest law. Our hearts are human hearts. The Incarnate God, by uniting His Divine love with His Sacred Heart, taught us the true nature of human love and friendship in His own life and example. There can be no stronger appeal to all that is best and noblest in human nature than this human side of the Savior's heart. For that reason sermons on the Passion are so powerful in moving the hearts of men, for in the Passion everything is human as God cannot suffer. An appeal even more powerful is made by this beautiful work of the gifted French Dominican, whose polished style has not lost too much of its charm in the good translation before us.

He reverentially opens up to us some of the tenderest feelings of the heart of Jesus for His family, His chosen personal friends, and the friends of His mission.

He dwells rather too much on the history of the family of Bethany, drawing upon legends for his materials, but he succeeds in showing Jesus to be the loftiest model of human love and friendship. A very able preface, by Rev. M. O'Kane, O.P., places the subject of the work on its theological foundation, and proves conclusively the reasons for its opportune publication.

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 "Back to Rome," by Scrutator. (B. Herder, St. Louis, price \$1.00.)

This controversial work appears in the form of private letters to an Anglican clergyman. The author goes over the old ground, but not as a theologian.

There is no fact emphasized so much in the whole book as this one. In spite of its evident truth, the writer delights in repeating it over and over again. He says he is convinced that in the present conflict between the creeds, and between belief and misbelief, or disbelief, it is not, as many seem to suppose, a question of rheology, but a question of philosophy

and accurate thinking. From this point of view, he develops the Catholic truths for the benefit of his inquiring friend, and succeeds in opening his friend's eyes to the necessity of coming "Back to Rome." There are many interesting pages in this layman's production, especially those on the consciousness of sin, and the necessity of confession; but his style is redundant and he fills about thirty pages in the beginning, before he enters into the subject at all. He quotes a great deal, but very much to the purpose.

To those who are interested in the struggle between truth and error, now being waged with ever increasing success for the Church in England, will find this work, although by an Englishman, and evidently for English readers, very useful in the similar campaign for Catholic truths in our own battleground.

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*Petitions Asked For.*


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The following petitions are recommended to the prayers of our readers:

Three conversions; restoration of sight; health for three persons; work for one; that a person may get well without an operation; two special favors.

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 ONE FAULT.
 

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The Monitor.

There is but one crack in the lantern, and the wind had found it out and blown out the candle. How great a mischief one unguarded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel and all on board. One wound may kill the body. One sin destroys the soul. It little matters how carefully the rest of the lantern is protected, the one point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind; and so it little matters how zealous the man may be in a thousand things, if he tolerates one darling sin, Satan will find out the flaw and destroy all of his hopes. The strength of a chain is measured, not by the strongest, but by the weakest link, for if the weakest snaps, what is the use of the rest?



*Obituary.*

The following lately deceased are earnestly recommended to the pious prayers of our readers :

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Miss Maria Murray, of Buckingham, Quebec. Her main object in this life was charity. She was a true generous benefactor of the Hospice and a regular subscriber to the Review. She always showed herself a faithful friend of the poor, and many looked upon her as a second mother.

• • •

Rev. B. O. R. Sheridan, the zealous pastor of St. John's Church, Middletown, Conn. He was a true pastor to his flock, and was held in great esteem by all who knew him. Nothing showed this better than the greater number of eminent personages who were present at the funeral, and the immense throng that tried to gain entrance to view the last remains of their father and sincere friend.

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Mrs. Margaret Ryan, of Toronto, Ont. who died June 28th, 1903.

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Mr. Michael Castello, who died at Toronto June 29th, 1903.

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Miss Charlotte Olivia Hutty, who died May 14th, 1903; Mrs. Maria Nichol, who died May 22nd, 1903; Miss Leo Smyth, who died May 22nd, 1903; Mrs. Mary Foy, who died May 25th, 1903. All of Toronto, Ont.

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John Somers, of Paterson, N.J.

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John Collins, of Detroit, Mich., who died at the ripe age of 88 years, fortified by the last Sacraments of the Church.

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Richard Braniff, of Clarksburg, Ont.

• • • •

Sister Julia Voortvart, who died May 9th, 1903, at Leavenworth, Kas.

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Perseverance performs greater works than strength.

*The Beauties of Mary.*

## I.

I have sought 'midst Nature's beauties  
Emblems of our Lady's face;  
I have prayed the Master-Artist  
To illumine them with grace.  
Round this model fair are grouping  
With the chisel, canvas, pen,  
Sculptors, painters, dreamy poets,  
Eloquent and learned men.

## II.

Noble are the inspirations,  
Luminous their imagery,  
Sweet the praise, as music stealing  
Softly o'er the sapphire sea!  
And the chants in grand cathedrals  
Like angelic harp-strings seem,  
When these beauties of our Lady  
Are the blest, inspired theme.

## III.

Then in spirit, soaring upward  
O'er this shady "vale of tears,"  
Faith reveals her, crowned with-stargems,  
Queen of bright, celestial spheres.  
O thou beautiful ideal  
Of unspotted purity!  
Shed on us a faint reflection;  
Make our souls more like to thee.

## IV.

May thy name in tones melodious,  
Murmur gently when we pray!  
May thy guidance lead us onward  
To the homeland far away!  
Show us then, in light of glory,  
Beauties of a Face Divine,  
And those beauties softly mirrored  
Mother of pure love, in thine.  
Enfant de Marie.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though, they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They make other people good-natured. They also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

*Letters of Thanksgiving.*

## THE REAL BELIEF.

A lady wishes to return thanks through the Review for two temporal favors obtained through our Blessed Lady and the Scapular.

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Dear Rev. Fathers:

I promised, while suffering a very serious illness, public thanksgiving to God, if restored to health through the intercession of the Saints to our Lady of Peace. Please accept enclosed offering for a Mass for all the suffering souls in Purgatory.

Mrs. H. D. B.

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Dear Fathers:

Enclosed find amount for which please have a Mass said in honor of our Mother of Perpetual Help, which I promised to send if special favors were received. Thank God my wish was granted. Please publish this in the Carmelite Review.

A Child of Mary.

• • • • •

Kindly publish a great favor obtained through the intercession of our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph and St. Anthony. I was in great fear over the disappearance of my brother and feared for the worst. Thanks to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony, he was found. I now beg that our Lady, St. Joseph and St. Anthony may help us and him for the best of our souls.

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Benevolence is not to be measured by the size of its gifts. More good will may go with a dime than a dollar. The sunny smile, the warm handclasp, and the cheering word should be counted in.

Give me the man who has been tried in the crucible, who has been purified by the fire of misfortune, and comes forth purged from vanity and its train of demands.

God is still with us, and so are the angels of God. With patience and courage we may fit ourselves for their kind services, and so make good use of the roughest places over which we must travel to the rest and reward of the glorious future.

O Faith! what an idle word thou art upon the tongues of men! Why will we make God a liar, instead of studying His word? To love God is not to make life a burden, but to lift our hearts above our burdens. To believe in God is to love Him above all things; to love Him above all things is simply to relegate other things to their true place and their minor importance, and thus to make ourselves superior to them. If we believe wealth to be the supreme happiness, to be poor should make us unutterably wretched. If we do not so believe, poverty will only make us unhappy to the measure in which we hold wealth essential to happiness. To seek God's kingdom first, is simply to seek things in proper order. It is to view things in the light of God's eternity, and to make our souls, if not our bodies, impervious to the assaults of time.

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 SILENCE
 

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## Catholic Register.

What a strange power there is in silence! How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests effected during that pause, when the lips are closed and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her. When some of these cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken, which send the hot, indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silent, look on with awe, for a mighty work is going on within them and the spirit of evil or their guardian angel is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward Hell, and an item has been scored in the book which the Day of Judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil, those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain or grief to them.

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Sorrow is not given to us alone that we may mourn; it is given us that, having felt, suffered, wept, we may be able to understand love, bless.

## RESCUED—A TRUE INCIDENT.

Many years ago, in the north of Ireland, when Catholics were few and despised, there lived a farmer, his wife, and only son. They were Protestants, and poor, and were nearly as much looked down on as their Catholic neighbors. To the great indignation of his parents, the son declared his intention, not only of becoming a Catholic, but moreover of studying for the priesthood. No details have reached us as to the way in which the priceless gift of faith and such noble aspirations were bestowed. Jesus looked on him, like the young man in His Gospel, and liked him. This last resolution met with no opposition, as his father and mother, hoping their son, by entering college, would eventually secure a more honorable position than that of rural life, but, alas! how sadly were they disappointed! He returned after some years, a pervert, and far advanced in consumption, and was refused a shelter—even an interview with his parents.

One of the poor wanderer's cousins, a Protestant girl, had compassion on his state and attended to him with much kindness. As he grew worse, she asked a Catholic girl to assist her, and they sat up together at night with the invalid. He cried out piteously for a priest, to their distress, as the nearest was many miles away, and they had no means of sending so far.

At last the Catholic girl thought of a groom in their landlord's service—(a Catholic and friend of hers)—and went to the house stealthily, succeeded in rousing and persuading him to take one of his master's horses and ride for a priest. It was a daring act, as Catholics were severely dealt with, and he ran the risk of being discovered and punished; but a soul was in question, and God's blessing protected him.

The girl returned, and, with her companion, resumed their anxious watch in that night of May, when, no doubt, the "Refuge of sinners" was pleading the cause of a sinner with her Divine Son, by "omnipotent intercession."

The invalid's room opened off theirs, and they kept the door unclosed between and the windows which looked out on a field open also. While one sat by the

young man's bed, the other watched at the open window for the priest's coming, and as they changed places now and then, a strange and awful impression came over their minds, though nothing was visible. It seemed as if something like a large animal dragging a clanking chain, followed them, and watched their movements. At last, as if enraged, it seemed to spring through the window to the field beyond, still rattling the chain.

The priest had come, and the sweet consolations of religion were all administered, and the prodigal folded in the embrace of that Father who never rejects an "humble and contrite heart."

The "first robe" was again bestowed on that soul so highly favoured, so lovingly called, so sadly unfaithful, and, at last, so happily rescued. The priest rode back, happy, no doubt, beyond words, at having been the instrument of God's wonderful mercy. The subject of our study died in peace. The groom returned and secured the horse, without ever being noticed, and the young girl's anxious vigil was over.

After a time they emigrated, and in "the land of the free" used sometimes, when they met, recall that never-to-be-forgotten night in Ireland during the sweet month of May. We regret that no mention is made of the good Protestant girl being converted, as it seems to us beyond doubt that her kindness was rewarded by the gift of faith, for "Blessed are the merciful," etc., and God is never outdone in generosity.

Enfant de Marie,  
St. Clares.

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A soul that dwells with virtue is like a perennial spring; for it is pure and limpid, and refreshing and inviting, and serviceable and rich, and innocent and uninjurious.—Epictetus.

The only cure for littleness—little judgments of others, little values of blessings little whinings over petty trials, and longing for the little occupations—is to be fully taken up with great things.

There has never been a great and beautiful character which has not become so by filling well the ordinary and smaller offices appointed of God.—Horace Bushnell.